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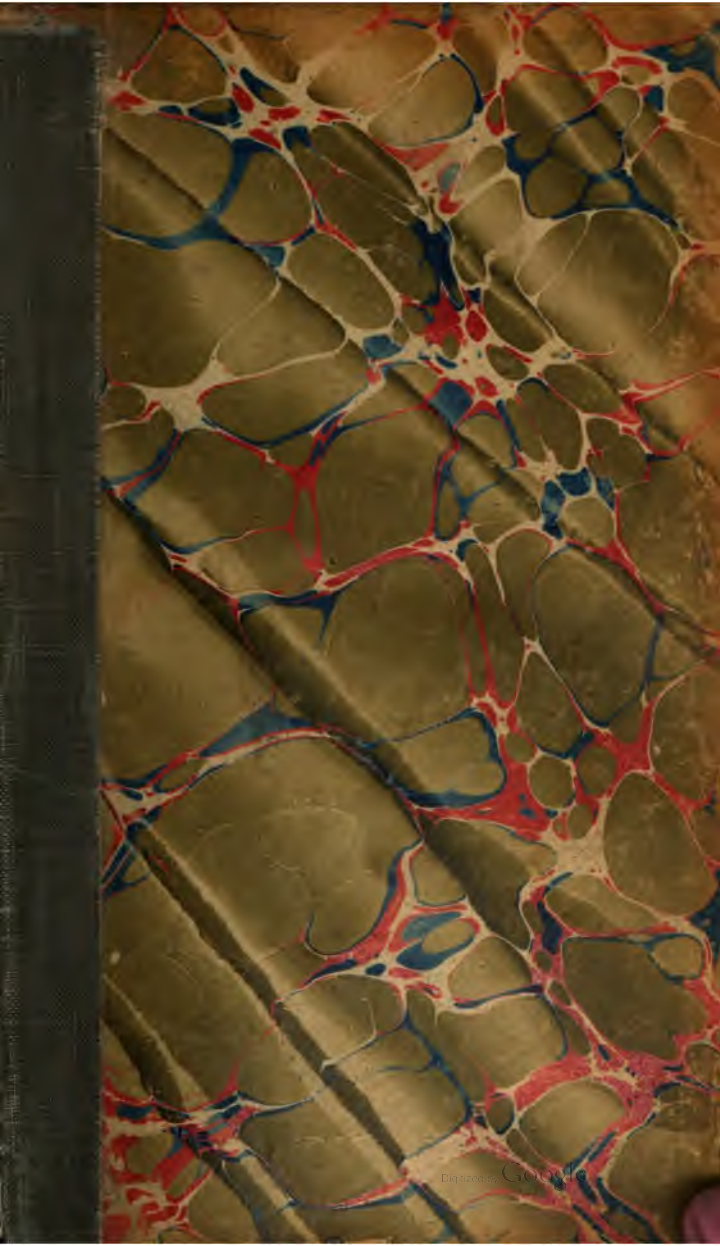
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1822



For out of olde felles ab men seith
Cometh al this newe counseil to pere
And out of olde booke in good seith
Cometh al this newe science that men here

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POEMS,

BY

BERNARD BARTON.

THIRD EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS.



SONG IS BUT THE ELOQUENCE OF TRUTH. — Campbell.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY.

1822.

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1822

TO THE
ASTORIA

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1822

INTRODUCTORY VERSES

MAIN

TO

MARIA HACK,

Author of "Winter Evenings," "Grecian and English Stories," &c.

NAY! do not half reproachfully exclaim,

"How foolish!"—Poets are not often wise.

If it be foolishness to love a name

Endear'd by one of nature's strongest ties,

And much that memory's sweetest power supplies,

I own myself no sage; for, unto me,

Thy own is one which will not bear disguise

Of dash — or stars * * such as we often see;

No, let it stand at length, from all concealment free.

Besides, this is not call'd a *dedication*;

A thing, I own, of ominous extent,

And bringing with it fearful expectation

Of all that fulsome flattery can invent;

Nor is it here inscrib'd with ~~thy~~ consent:

So thou art unimpeach'd. On me alone

Rest all the blame of this poor monument,

(Which I will never shrink from, nor disown,)

Built by a Brother's love, to hours for ever flown.

395606

Years have elaps'd, Maria, since we met ;
 More may revolve before we meet again ;
 The past, so far from teaching to forget,
 Has added but fresh links unto that chain
 Which brings no bondage and inflicts no pain ;
 And if the future be but like the past,
 Bring what it may of other loss, or gain,
 Of skies with sunshine bright, or overcast,
 I have no chilling fear that life can love outlast.

With *us* it should not ; for to either's view,
 In memory's busy musings, there should be
 Objects and scenes that wear the self-same hue,
 Awakening thoughts which have one master-key
 To explain their charm. Is it not thus with thee,
 When aught resembling things of former years
 Attracts thy gaze ? be it landscape, house, or tree,
 Or ivy-mantled church-tower, which uprears
 Its venerable walls, and to the sight appears—

Like a familiar object ? But, no more :
 In truth I dare not trust myself to dwell
 On all that recollection could restore ;
 Or thou might'st tire, ere I one half could tell :
 And that would cruelly dissolve the spell ;
 Then let it go ! I fain would now compare,
 But not as rivals do, how ill or well
 Such leisure moments as we both could spare
 Have been employ'd by each, and what the fruits they bear.

Mine have been spent in seeking to pourtray
 Feelings and thoughts, which o'er my spirit shed
 The doubtful splendour of an April day,
 Alike by showers, and sweetest sunshine fed:—
 Pensive communion holding with the dead;
 Or bodying forth, in simple poesy,
 Beautiful scenes, and thoughts which such have bred:—
 These, the best fruits of leisure's blighted tree,
 Though little they can boast, I now present to thee.

Thou hast, meanwhile, (by thy experience taught
 That which thou only could'st have gather'd thence,
 Of winning modes to guide the expanding thought,
 And knowledge with amusement to dispense,)
 With noun and adjective, with verb and tense,
 With History's page, or Travellers' vast supplies,
 Been busily employ'd; and brought from hence
 A hoard which parents and their children prize
 Alike with gratitude. Thy choſte has been most wise.

It is no unsubstantial good to dwell
 In childhood's heart, on childhood's guileless tongue;
 To be the chosen, favourite oracle,
 Consulted by the innocent and young:
 To be remember'd as the light that flung
 Its first fresh lustre on the unwrinkled brow;
 And there are hearts may cleave, as mine has clung,
 To hours which I enjoy'd, yet knew not how,
 To whom thou shalt be, then, what DAY* to me is now!

* Thomas Day, the Author of "Sandford and Merton."

A being lov'd and honour'd for the sake
 Of past enjoyment; aye! and still possessing
 When thoughts of happy infancy awake,
 A charm beyond the power of words expressing.
 Yes, I am not ashamed of thus confessing,
 The debt my early childhood seems to owe;
 And if I had the power to invoke a blessing
 On them who first excited rapture's glow,
 would fall on Barbauld, Berquin, Bunyan, Day, Defoe.

Their works were dear to me, before I knew,
 Or cared to know, if they were own'd by Fame;
 And after all that life has led me through,
 Of pain and pleasure, they are still the same.
 Whene'er I meet them, they appear to claim
 Familiar greeting not to be denied:
 Nor should it; for so complex is the frame
 On which the mind's whole store is edified,
 'Twere hard for me to tell what they have not supplied.

But to return to thee, although it may
 Be only to take leave. It must be so.
 I scarcely dared, at no far distant day,
 To think that ever verse of mine might show
 The ardent love I bear thee; and although
 Surprise, at first, forgiveness may impend
 I trust that feelings cherish'd long ago
 By both will glow afresh when thou shalt read
 Affection's fond farewell! and for my pardon plead.

12th Mo. 31st, 1819.

PREFACE.

TO THE

SECOND EDITION.

THE author of the following pieces feels the natural satisfaction of an author in having so speedily occasion to introduce them afresh to the public; and he is inclined to avail himself of this occasion to offer, very shortly, a remark or two, chiefly suggested by the various critical notices of which his first edition has been the object.

For the kind manner in which he has been treated by all the Literary Journals that have honoured his unpretending volume by making it the subject of their observations, he is thankful. This he may surely say without incurring the imputation of servility; but to do justice to his own feelings, and to convey a proper idea of the satisfaction which he experiences, he must be permitted to say something more.

The writer is well aware that the power of absolute talent displayed in this volume, cannot bear

comparison with those examples of high poetical genius, which are afforded in the works of several of the popular poets of the present day. He had never imposed upon himself by believing that he could enter into competition with these in point of ability ; but he did think, nevertheless, that it was possible his humble productions might be usefully and not unfitly permitted to take their chance for public favour.

They have found this in a degree beyond his anticipation ; and their success, without altering his original estimation of his own talent as a poet, has given him pride as an author beyond what he could have experienced in the assurance of owing that success to genius of the first order.—The indulgence with which these pieces have been received proves to him that the most poignant temptations, and brilliant seductions, addressed to the public taste and moral sentiment, have not yet extinguished, in the public breast, a genuine attachment to the sober and simple exercise of the gentler faculties of the muse ; and that, even under the disadvantage of inferior power, readers willingly welcome those lays that appeal only to the pure, and quiet, and conscientious feelings of the heart.

He does not scruple to confess, that his delight in this conviction is increased by what is personal

to himself in the testimony just mentioned ; but he can most sincerely declare, that the pleasure of finding his compositions generally praised for the absence of all deleterious moral quality, and their tendency to strengthen impressions favourable to virtue and to religion, has far outweighed other considerations in his mind.

The author's religious persuasion having been very commonly alluded to by his critics, he can scarcely avoid referring to this point. That he has not been thought, either to discredit the principles, or dishonour the intellect, of those with whom it is his glory to agree on the most important of all human concerns, cannot but be highly gratifying to him. On the other hand, the liberality with which individuals of different views and habits have connected what is of laudable purpose and salutary tendency in this volume with the tenets and practice of the Society of Friends, ought to be, and no doubt will be, duly appreciated by that body of Christians. That the writer should have been instrumental in procuring this public and affectionate testimony to the honour of a cause which he identifies with truth itself, is a circumstance on which his mind will ever delight to dwell. May he not appeal to it in favour of an art which has been not only his amusement, but his consolation ; in the

pursuit of which his thoughts have busied themselves with the loftiest and purest objects of contemplation ;—an art the noblest exercise of which is to be found in the best of all books, conveying the most heart-touching strains of inspired piety ?

“ And know, ye foes to song ! (well-meaning men,
Though quite forgotten half your Bible’s praise*)
Important truths, in spite of verse, may please.”

YOUNG.

The name of the author from whom these lines are quoted, adds force to his argument. But one is unwilling to think that much argument can now be necessary to vindicate poetry from suspicion, or jealousy, as the necessary ally of levity or licentiousness.—The example of the author of the following poems is an instance to which it will doubtless be considered pardonable here to refer, that the poet who brings to his task a sensibility to what is worthy and of good report, and a conscientious determination to address himself to no feelings but those that are in harmony with our duty to God and our neighbour, brings to it qualifications so suitable to the art itself, that they may serve to sustain him in an attempt, to which his powers of mind, without such aid, would probably have been found inadequate.

* The poetical parts of the Bible.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE
THIRD EDITION.

WERE the author to consult his inclination only, on an occasion like the present, he might, perhaps, say more than he ought : but he would be sorry, on the other hand, to be thought to feel less.—A brief acknowledgment that he duly appreciates the reception his volume has met with may surely be allowed him ; and, in the simple expression of this natural feeling, he trusts that he does not compromise the respect due to the public or to himself.

Woodbridge, Suffolk,
8th Mo. 13th, 1822.

THERE is a fame which owes its spell
To popular applause alone;
Which seems on lip and tongue to dwell,
And finds—in others' breath—its own ;
For such the eager worldling sighs ;
And this the fickle world supplies.

There is a nobler fame—which draws
Its purer essence from the heart ;
Which only seeks that calm applause
The virtuous and the wise impart :
Such fame beyond the grave shall live ;
But this the world can never give.

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P O E M S.

V E R S E S,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN
A BURIAL-GROUND BELONGING TO THE SOCIETY OF
FRIENDS.

WHAT though no sculptur'd monuments around,
With epitaphs engraven, meet me here ;
Yet conscious feeling owns, with awe profound,
The habitation of the dead is near :
With reverend feeling, not with childish fear,
I tread the ground which they, when living, trod :
Pondering this truth, to Christians justly dear,
Whose influence lends an interest to the sod
That covers their remains :—The dead still live to God !

Is it not written in the hallow'd page
Of Revelation, God remains to be
The Lord of all, in every clime and age,
Who fear'd and serv'd him living? Did not He,
Who for our sins expir'd upon the tree,
Style him of Abram, Isaac, Jacob,—Lord !
Because they liv'd to Him? Then why should we,
(As if we could no fitter meed afford,)
Raise them memorials *here*?—Their dust shall be re-
stor'd.

Could we conceive Death was indeed the close
 Of our existence, Nature might demand
 That, where the reliques of our friends repose,
 Some record to their memory should stand,
 To keep them unforgotten in the land :—
 Then, then indeed, urn, tomb, or marble bust,
 By sculptor's art elaborately plann'd,
 Would seem a debt due to their mouldering dust,
 Though time would soon efface the perishable trust.

But, hoping, and believing ; yea, through Faith,
 Knowing, because His word has told us so,
 That Christ, our Captain, triumph'd over Death,
 And is the first fruits of the dead below ;—
 That he has trod for man this path of woe,
 Dying,—to rise again !—we would not grace
 Death's transitory spell with trophied show ;
 As if that " shadowy vale " supplied no trace
 To prove the grave is not our final dwelling-place.

The poet's page, indeed, would fain supply
 A specious reason for the sculptor's art ;
 Telling of "*holy texts that teach to die* :"
 But much I doubt they seldom reach the heart
 Of church-yard rovers. How should truths impart
 Instruction, when engraven upon stone,
 If unconfess'd before ? The Christian's chart
 Records the answer unto Di-*ves* known,
 Who, for his brethren's sake, pleaded in suppliant tone.

"If Moses and the Prophets speak unheard,
 Neither would they believe if spoke the dead."
 Then how should those, by whom unmov'd the word
 Of greater far than such, has oft been read,
 By random texts, thus "strewn around," be led
 Aright to live, or die? And how much less
 Can false and foolish tributes, idly spread,
 In mockery of truth and tenderness,
 Awaken solemn thoughts, or holy themes impress?

And, therefore, would I never wish to see
 Tombstone, or epitaph obtruded here.
 All has been done, requir'd by decency,
 When the unprison'd spirit sought its sphere:
 The lifeless body, stretch'd upon the bier
 With due solemnity, was laid in earth;
 And Friendship's parting sigh, Affection's tear,
 Claim'd by pure love, and deeply cherish'd worth,
 Might rise or fall uncheck'd, as sorrow gave them birth.

There wanted not the pall, or nodding plume,
 The white-rob'd priest, the stated form of prayer;
 There needed not the livery'd garb of gloom,
 That grief, or carelessness, alike might wear;
 'Twas felt that such things "had no business there."
 Instead of these, a silent pause, to tell
 What language could not; or, unconn'd by care
 Of rhetoric's rules, from faltering lips there fell
 Some truths to mourners dear, in memory long to dwell.

Then came the painful close—delay'd as long
 As well might be for silent sorrow's sake ;
 Hallow'd by love, which never seems so strong,
 As when its dearest ties are doom'd to break.
 One farewell glance there yet remain'd to take :
 Scarce could the tearful eye fulfil its trust,
 When, leaning o'er the grave, with thoughts awake
 To joys departed, the heart felt it must
 Assent unto the truth which tells us—we are dust !

The scene is past !—and what of added good
 The dead to honour, or to soothe the living,
 Could then have mingled with the spirit's mood,
 From all the empty show of man's contriving ?
 What worthier of memory's cherish'd hiving
 With miser care ? In hours of *such* distress
 Deep, deep into itself the heart is diving ;
 Aye ! into depths which reason must confess,
 At least mine owns them so, awful and fathomless !

Oh ! 'tis not in the bitterness of grief
 Bereavement brings with it, the anguish'd mind
 Can find in funeral mummeries relief.
 What matters, to the mourner left behind,
 The outward “ pomp of circumstance,” assign'd
 To such a sacrifice ? What monument
 Is wanted, where affection has enshrin'd
 The memory of the dead ? Grief must have spent
 Itself, before one thought to such poor themes is lent.

And, when it hath so spent itself, does it
 Need other pile than what itself can build?
 O no!—it has an epitaph unwrit,
 Yet graven deeper far than the most skill'd
 Of artists' tool can reach:—the full heart thrill'd,
 While that inscription was recording there;
 And, till his earthly course shall be fulfill'd,
 That tablet, indestructible, must bear
 The mourner's woe, in lines Death can alone outwear.

Then, be our burial-grounds, as should become
 A simple, but a not unfeeling race:
 Let them appear, to outward semblance, dumb,
 As best befits the quiet dwelling-place
 Appointed for the prisoners of Grace,
 Who wait the promise by the Gospel given,—
 When the last trump shall sound,—the trembling base
 Of tombs, of temples, pyramids be riven,
 And all the dead arise before the hosts of Heaven!

Oh! in that awful hour, of what avail
 Unto the "spiritual body," will be found
 The costliest canopy, or proudest tale
 Recorded on it?—what avail the bound
 Of holy, or unconsecrated ground?
 As freely will the unencumber'd sod
 Be cleft asunder at that trumpet's sound,
 As Royalty's magnificent abode:
 As pure its inmate rise, and stand before his God.

Then THOU, lamented and beloved Friend !

Not friend alone, but more than such to me ;
Whose blameless life, and peaceful, hopeful end,

Endear, alike, thy cherish'd memory ;
Thine will a joyful resurrection be !

Thy works, before-hand, unto judgment gone,
The second death shall have no power o'er thee :

On thee, redeem'd by his beloved Son,
Thy FATHER then shall smile, and greet thee with
" WELL DONE ! "

Could I but hope a lot so blest as thine

Awaited me, no happier would I crave :

That hope should then forbid me to repine

That Heaven so soon resum'd the gift it gave ;

That hope should teach me every ill to brave ;—

Should whisper, 'mid the tempest's loudest tone,
Thy spirit walk'd with me life's stormiest wave :

And lead me, when Time's fleeting span was flown,
Calmly to share thy couch, which needs no graven stone.

9th Mo. 14th, 1819.

THE
VALLEY OF FERN.

PART I.

THERE is a lone valley, few charms can it number,
Compar'd with the lovely glens north of the Tweed ;
No mountains enclose it where morning mists slumber,
And it never has echoed the shepherd's soft reed.
No streamlet of crystal, its rocky banks laving,
Flows through it, delighting the ear and the eye ;
On its sides no proud forests, their foliage waving,
Meet the gales of the Autumn or Summer wind's sigh ;
Yet by me it is priz'd, and full dearly I love it,
And oft my steps thither I pensively turn ;
It has silence within, Heaven's proud arch above it,
And my fancy has nam'd it the Valley of Fern.

O deep, the repose which its calm recess giveth !
 And no music can equal its silence to me ;
 When broken, 'tis only to prove something liveth,
 By the note of the sky-lark, or hum of the bee.
 On its sides the green fern to the breeze gently bending,
 With a few stunted trees, meet the wandering eye ;
 Or the furze and the broom their bright blossoms
 extending,
 With the braken's soft verdure delightfully vie ;—
 These are all it can boast ; yet, when Fancy is dreaming,
 Her visions, which Poets can only discern,
 Come crowding around, in unearthly light beaming,
 And invest with bright beauty the Valley of Fern.

Sweet Valley ! in seasons of grief and dejection,
 I have sought in thy bosom a shelter from care ;
 And have found in my musings a bond of connexion
 With thy landscape so peaceful, and all that was there :
 In the verdure that sooth'd, in the flowers that bright-
 en'd,
 In the blackbird's soft note, in the hum of the bee,
 I found something that lull'd, and insensibly lighten'd,
 And felt grateful and tranquil while gazing on thee.
 Yes ! moments there are, when mute nature is willing
 To teach, would proud man but be humble and learn ;
 When her sights and her sounds on the heart-strings are
 thrilling :
 And this I have felt in the Valley of Fern.

For the bright chain of being, though widely extended,
 Unites all its parts in one beautiful whole ;
 In which Grandeur and Grace are enchantingly blended,
 Of which GOD is the Centre, the Light, and the Soul !
 And holy the hope is, and sweet the sensation,
 Which this feeling of union in solitude brings ;
 It gives silence a voice—and to calm contemplation,
 Unseals the pure fountain whence happiness springs.
 Then Nature, most loved in her loneliest recesses,
 Unveils her fair features, and softens her stern ;
 And spreads, like that Being who bounteously blesses,
 For her votary a feast in the Valley of Fern.

And at times in its confines companionless straying,
 Pure thoughts born in stillness have pass'd through
 my mind ;
 And the spirit within, their blest impulse obeying,
 Has soar'd from this world on the wings of the wind :—
 The pure sky above, and the still scene around me,
 To the eye which survey'd them, no clear image brought ;
 But my soul seem'd entranced in the vision which
 bound me,
 As by magical spell, to the beings of thought !
 And to HIM, their dread Author ! the Fountain of Feeling !
 I have bow'd, while my heart seem'd within me to burn ;
 And my spirit contrited, for mercy appealing,
 Has call'd on his name in the Valley of Fern

Farewell, lovely Valley !—when Earth's silent bosom
 Shall hold him who loves thee, thy beauties may live:—
 And thy turf's em'rald tint, and thy broom's yellow
 blossom,

Unto loiterers like him soothing pleasure may give.
 As brightly may morning, thy graces investing
 With light, and with life, wake thy inmates from sleep;
 And as softly the moon, in still loveliness resting,
 To gaze on its charms, thy lone landscape may steep.
 Then, should friend of the bard, who hath paid with
 his praises

The pleasure thou'st yielded, e'er seek thy sojourn,
 Should one tear for his sake fill the eye while it gazes,
 It may fall unprov'd in the Valley of Fern.

1817.

THE
VALLEY OF FERN.

PART II.

THOU art chang'd, lovely spot! and no more thou
displayest,

To the eye of thy votary, that negligent grace,
Which, in moments the saddest, the tenderest, the gayest,
Allur'd him so oft thy recesses to trace.

The hand of the spoiler has fallen upon thee,

And marr'd the wild beauties that deck'd thee before ;
And the charms, which a poet's warm praises had won
thee,

Exist but in memory, and bless thee no more.

Thy green, palmy fern, which the softest and mildest

Of Summer's light breezes could ruffle,—is fled ;
And the bright-blossom'd ling, which spread o'er thee
her wildest

And wantonest hues,—is uprooted and dead,

Yet now, even now, that thou neither belongest,
 Or seem'st to belong, unto Nature or Art ;
 The love I still bear thee is deepest and strongest,
 And thy fate but endears thee the more to my heart.
 Thou art passing away, like some beautiful vision,
 From things, which now *are*, unto those that *have been* !
 And wilt rise to my sight, like a landscape elysian,
 With thy blossoms more bright, and thy verdure
 more green.
 Thou wilt dwell in remembrance, among those recesses
 Which fancy still haunts ; though they *were*, and
are not ;
 Whose loveliness lives, and whose beauty still blesses,
 Which, though ceasing to be, can be never forgot.

We know all we see in this beauteous creation,
 However enchanting its beauty may seem,
 Is doom'd to dissolve, like some bright exhalation,
 That dazzles, and fades in the morning's first beam.
 The gloom of dark forests, the grandeur of mountains,
 The verdure of meads, and the beauty of flowers ;
 The seclusion of valleys, the freshness of fountains,
 The sequester'd delights of the loveliest bowers :
 Nay, more than all these, that the might of old ocean,
 Which seems as it was on the day of its birth,
 Must meet the last hour of convulsive commotion,
 Which, sooner or later, will uncreate earth.

Yet, acknowledging this, it may be that the feelings
Which these have awaken'd, the glimpses they've
given,

Combin'd with those inward and holy revealings
That illumine the soul with the brightness of heaven,
May still be immortal, and destin'd to lead us,
Hereafter, to that which shall not pass away;
To the loftier destiny God hath decreed us,
The glorious dawn of an unending day.
And thus, like the steps of the ladder ascended
By angels, (beheld with the patriarch's eye,)
With the perishing beauties of earth may be blended
Sensations too pure, and too holy to die.

Nor would Infinite Wisdom have plann'd and perfected,
With such grandeur and majesty, beauty and grace,
The world we inhabit, and thus have connected
The heart's better feelings with nature's fair face,
If the touching emotions, thus deeply excited,
Towards Him who made all things, left nothing
behind,
Which, enduring beyond all that sense has delighted,
Becomes intellectual, immortal, as mind!
But they do; and the heart that most fondly has cherish'd
Such feelings, nor suffer'd their ardour to chill,
Will find, when the forms which inspir'd them have
perish'd,
Their spirit and essence remain with it still.

Thus thinking, I would not recall the brief measure
Of praise, lovely valley ! devoted to thee ;
Well has it been won by the moments of pleasure
- Afforded to some, justly valued by me.
May their thoughts and mine, often silently ponder
Over every lov'd spot that our feet may have trod ;
And teach us, while through nature's beauties we wander,
All space is itself but the temple of God !
That so, when our spirits shall pass through the portal
Of Death, we may find, in a state more sublime,
Immortality owns what could never be mortal !
And Eternity hallows some visions of Time !

1819.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. P——, OF THE R. A.

THERE is a sacred tribute claim'd
 By Nature's parting hour for *all*;
 By Fame applauded, or unnam'd
There are who live to mourn their fall.

Whate'er their rank, or sex, or age,
 There are to whom they once were dear;
 And when they quit this busy stage,
 They claim their tributary tear.

Death has his victims too, appealing
 To hearts whom kindred does not bind;
 Save that pure tie of finer feeling,
 Which links congenial mind to mind.

When each proud promise Nature gave
 Of form, of face, of mind, of all,
 Has perish'd in the untimely grave,
 Who but must mourn such victim's fall?

Lamented Youth ! to memory's eye
 Thy form now rises on the view ;
 E'en as it was in hours gone by,
 In fairest tints of health's bright hue.

That pallid chæek is kindling still
 With youthful hope's delightful red ;
 That eye's bright glance, now cold and chill,
 Still seems its sparkling beams to shed.

Vain, Memory ! vain thy partial spell :
 Thou canst not to the eye repair
 The painful void ; but thou mayest dwell
 Within our hearts, and lighten there.

In his who feels a Father's woe,
 Soothe Sorrow's deepest, keenest thrill ;
 And make him, like old Ormond,* know
 That e'en the dead are lovely still.

And oh ! in her's, whose patient zeal,
 In the long lingering hours of pain,
 Oft made the sinking sufferer feel
 The force of Nature's severing chain ;

* The earl of Ormond, when condoled with on the death of his son, Lord Ossory, nobly replied, that he would not exchange his dead son for any living one in Christendom. It was a fine burst of feeling, equally honourable to parent and child.

In her's, O Memory ! gently shed
 Around the past that chasten'd charm,
Which gives to joys for ever fled,
 Bliss yet more touching, pure, and calm.

As, when the silent Queen of Night,
 By silvery clouds surrounded, beams,
She does not vanish from our sight,
 But to the eye still lovelier seems ;

So round the dead, does memory fling
 A Halo, which endears them more ;
And cherish'd feelings fondly cling
 To what seems lovelier than before.

TO

The Memory

OF

SAMUEL WHITBREAD, ESQ.

WHILE the tempest-tost mariner can but discern,
His guide and his guardian, the pole-star on high ;
Regardless of winds and of waves, he may turn
To that bright-rolling orb with a hope-beaming eye.

And thus, amid Europe's convulsive commotion,
We too had our planet, and brilliant its blaze ;
It shone o'er its own native isle of the ocean,
In the proud, peerless splendour of primitive days.

Oh, bright was the course of that star in our sky !
Undimm'd by the clouds through which calmly it
pass'd ;
And proud was the orbit it roll'd in on high,
And holy the radiance which round it is cast.

The oppress'd and the injur'd rejoic'd in its rays ;
 The minions of power mark'd its progress with dread ;
 The patriot pursued it with prayer and with praise ;
 And lovely and lov'd was the lustre it shed.

And though it hath suddenly sunk from our sight,
 And those who long watch'd it must mourn for its fall ;
 Yet remembrance shall cling to its dawn with delight,
 And its noontide effulgence shall often recall.

O grant that the dark cloud which veil'd its decline,
 In the bright beams of mercy may vanish away ;
 And the star we have lov'd, through Eternity shine
 In glory immortal, which dreads no decay !

VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY AN AFFECTING INSTANCE OF
SUDDEN DEATH.

THOU didst not sink by slow decay,
Like some who live the longest ;
But every tie was wrench'd away,
Just when those ties were strongest.

A lot like thine may justly make
The sanguine doubt *to-morrow* :
And, in the hearts of others, wake
Alternate Fear and Sorrow.

Well may we *fear* ; for who can think
On thee, so lately living,
Loving and lov'd, and yet not shrink
With somewhat of misgiving?

Well may we *mourn* ; for cold indeed,
As thou, since death has found thee,
Must be the heart that does not bleed
For thee, and those around thee.

A Daughter, Mother, Sister, Wife !

At noon, Life smil'd before thee :
The night brought nature's mortal strife,
The day—death's conquest o'er thee.

How much was done in hours so few !
Hopes wither'd, hearts divided :
Joys, griefs, loves, fears, and feelings too,
Stern death at once decided.

With Thee 'tis over ! There are some,
Who, in mute consternation,
Fearfully shrink from hours to come
Of heartfelt desolation.

While the dark tempest's terrors *last*,
We *guess* at evils round us ;
The clouds disperse, we stand aghast ;
Its ravages confound us.

The thunder's roar, the lightning's gleam,
Might seem a *vision* only ;
But when we *know* we *do not dream*,
The stillness ! oh, how lonely !

One hope in such an hour is left,
And may this hour reveal it ;
He, who hath thus of bliss bereft
The heart, has power to heal it.

Our dearest hopes He would not crush,
And pass unheeding by them ;
Nor bid our eyes with sorrows gush,
Unless his Love could dry them.

A bruised reed He will not break :
But hearts that bow before Him,
Shall own his Mercy while they ache,
And gratefully adore Him !

STANZAS,

TO M. P.

MARY ! I wake not now for thee
 My simple lyre's rude melody,
 As once I touch'd its strings,
 With joyful hand ; for then I thought
 That many years, with rapture fraught,
 Might yet be thine, which should have brought
 Fresh pleasure on their wings.

But HE, who gave thee vital breath,
 Sovereign supreme of life and death !
 Hath visited thy frame
 With sickness, which forbodes thy end ;
 And heavenward now thy prospects tend,
 And soon thy spirit must ascend
 To God ! from whence it came.

Well, HE is good ! and surely thou
 Mayst well in resignation bow,
 And gratefully confess,
 That this, his awful, wise decree,
 Though hard to us, is kind to thee ;
 Since Death's dark portals will but be
 The gate of happiness.

Then start not at its transient gloom ;
 Let Faith and Hope beyond the tomb

 Their eagle glances fling :

Angels unseen are hovering nigh,
 And seraph hosts exulting cry,

“ O Grave ! where is thy victory ?

— “ O Death ! where is thy sting ? ”

For soon before Jehovah's throne,

Thy soul redeeming love shall own,

 And join the sacred choir,

Who to the Lamb their anthems raise,

And tune their harps to deathless lays

Of humble, grateful, holy praise ;

 While list'ning saints admire.

And oh ! may I, who feebly wake

My lyre's last murmurs for thy sake,

 With joy that lyre resign ;

Then call a loftier harp my own,

Whose chords are strung to God alone,

And wake its most exalted tone,

 In unison with thine !

The amiable Girl to whom the preceding Verses were addressed, is now no more ;—but the memory of some delightful hours spent in her society makes me desirous of preserving this last tribute to her worth.

AUTUMN,

WRITTEN IN THE GROUNDS OF MARTIN COLE, ESQ.

WHEN is the aspect which Nature wears
The loveliest and dearest ? Say is it in Spring ?
When its blossoms the apple-tree beauteously bears,
And birds on each spray are beginning to sing ?
Or is it in Summer's fervid pride ?
When the foliage is shady on every side,
And tempts us at noon in the green-wood to bide,
And list to the wild bird's warbling ?

Lovely is Nature in seasons like these ;
But lovelier when Autumn's tints are spread
On the landscape round ; and the wind-swept trees
Their leafy honours reluctantly shed :
When the bright sun sheds a watery beam
On the changing leaves and the glistening stream ;
Like smiles on a sorrowing cheek, that gleam
When its woes and cares for a moment are fled.

And such is the prospect which now is greeting
 My glance, as I tread this favourite walk ;
 As the frolicsome sunbeams are over it fleeting,
 And each flowret nods on its rustling stalk :
 And the bosom of Deben is darkening and lightening,
 When clouds the crests of its waves are whitening,
 Or bursts of sunshine its billows are brightening,
 While the winds keep up their stormy talk.

Of the brightness and beauty of Summer and Spring
 There is little left, but the roses that blow
 By this friendly wall. To its covert they cling,
 And eagerly smile in each sunbeam's glow ;
 But when the warm beam is a moment withdrawn,
 And the loud whistling breeze sweeps over the lawn,
 Their beauteous blossoms, so fair and forlorn,
 Seem to shrink from the wind which ruffles them so.

Poor wind-tost tremblers ! some months gone by,
 You were fann'd by breezes gentler than these ;
 When you stretch'd out your leaves to a summer sky,
 And open'd your buds to the hum of bees :
 But soon will the winter be past, and you,
 When his winds are gone to the north, shall renew
 Your graceful apparel of glossy hue,
 And wave your blossoms in Summer's breeze.

It is this which gives Autumn its magic charm
 Of pensive delight to the thoughtful mind ;
 Its shadowy splendours excite no alarm,
 Though we know that Winter lingers behind ;
 We rejoice that Spring will again restore
 very grace that enchanted the eye befo
 And we feel that when Nature's first bloom is o'er,
 Her dearest and loveliest aspect we find.

The autumnal blasts, which whirl while we listen ;
 The wan, sear leaf, like a floating toy ;
 The bright round drops of dew, which glisten
 On the grass at morn ; and the sunshine coy,
 Which comes and goes like a smile when woo'd :
 The auburn meads, and the foamy flood,
 Each sight and sound, in a musing mood,
 Give birth to sensations superior to joy.

VERSES,

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF

Tighe's Psyche.

"FOND dreamer ! meditate thine idle song,
 But let thine idle song remain unknown :"
 O guard its beauties from the vulgar throng,
 Unveil its charms to friendship's eye alone.
 To thee shall friendship's partial praise atone
 For all the incense of the world beside ;
 Unthinking mirth may slight thy pensive tone,
 Folly may scorn, or ignorance deride :
 The lay so idly sung, let prudence teach to hide.

Sweet Minstrel ! couldst thou think a song like thine,
 With grace replete, with harmony inspir'd,
 Thy timid modesty could e'er confine
 Within those limits which thy fears desir'd ?
 Ah no ! by all approv'd, by all admir'd,
 Its charms shall captivate each listening ear ;
 Thy "Psyche," by the hand of taste attir'd,
 To virtue, grace, and delicacy dear,
 Shall consecrate thy name for many a future year.

Oh ! had indulgent Heaven but spar'd thy Lyre,
 Which first it strung and tun'd to melody,
 How many a heart had felt increasing fire,
 Dwelling enraptur'd on its minstrelsy :
 How many an ear had drank its harmony,
 And listen'd to its strains with sweet delight ;
 But He, whose righteous will is sovereignty,
 Hath bid thy sun of glory set in night,
 And, though we mourn thy loss, we own his sentence
 right.

Yet, plaintive Songstress ! on thy gentle lay
 Fancy with pensive tenderness shall dwell ;
 Memory shall snatch from Time thy transient day,
 And soft regret each feeling breast shall swell.
 But, why regret ? Let faith, exulting, tell
 That she, whose tuneful voice had sung before,
 In allegoric strain, love's witching spell,
 Now sings His love whom wondering worlds adore,
 And still shall chaunt His praise when time shall be no
 more.

STANZAS,

Selected from the

PAINS OF MEMORY.

A Fragment.

MEMORY ! mysterious principle, whose power
 Can ope alike the source of joy or wo ;
 Can gild with gladsome ray the passing hour,
 Or bid the starting tear of anguish flow :
 Fain would my mournful song aspire to show
 What keen regret, what deep remorse is thine ;
 How in the wreath which decks thine awful brow,
 The cypress with the willow should entwine.
 Alas ! my plaintive lyre, a gloomy theme is mine !

Far different visions happier bards have seen,
 Far different lays have happier poets sung ;
 And on those soul-enchanting sounds, I ween,
 Full many a captivated ear hath hung.
 Nor would I spurn the lyre to rapture strung,
 Or deem the song of Memory's joys untrue ;
 For oft, ere anguish had my bosom wrung,
 Did former hours recur to fancy's view,
 In gaudier colours drest, with graces ever new.

Yes, Memory ! in thy richly-varied page,
 Some pleasing passages may charm the eye ;
 The guileless records of our earlier age
 May bring some dreams of retrospective joy ;
 But is that pleasure then without alloy ?
 Or does not contrast turn that bliss to wo ?
 But few, I fear, can think of hours gone by,
 Nor witness in their hearts compunction's throes,
 For moments unimprov'd, and time misspent below.

Grant that nor vice, nor folly wounds the heart,
 Yet various feelings may regret inspire ;
 The agonizing tear may often start,
 To see departed friendship's flame expire.
 The mother mourns her child, the son his sire,
 Once lov'd on earth, now number'd with the dead :
 The weeping maiden's trembling steps retire
 From the green sod where rests her lover's head.
 Who hath not mourn'd in vain for joys that long have
 fled ?

To meditate, with retrospective glance,
 On vanish'd transports of gay hours of pleasure,
 Our present happiness may well enhance,
 As former gains increase our present treasure.
 Benignant time's insensible erasure
 May mitigate the heart-felt pangs of sorrow ;
 And, from the cheering view of well-spent leisure,
 Some gleams of hope the mind may justly borrow,
 To usher in the dawn of heaven's eternal morrow.

For, can the wiles of art, the grasp of power,
 Or all the fiends which blast the mind's repose,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour,
 Or quench the light it gives at life's dark close?
 No: when the lamp of life but faintly glows,
 E'en when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Conscience shall blunt departing nature's throes,
 And smiling hope shall pour, with lustre bright,
 Around her heaven-ward path a stream of living light.

Such were the sounds, which, on my youthful ear,
 In strains of harmony and rapture fell;
 When ROGERS bade his song, melodious, clear,
 In sweetest accents Memory's pleasures tell;
 Did not my glowing bosom feel the spell
 Of his celestial theme? My raptur'd thought
 Would oft, by him inspir'd, with fondness dwell
 On hours for ever fled, with pleasure fraught,
 By Memory's magic power, from infant pastime
 brought.

Oh! sweetest Minstrel! since to thee belong
 The gift of verse, the poet's art divine;
 Why should thy silence thus the Muses wrong?
 Why lies unstrung a harp so sweet as thine?
 "Oh! wake once more!" pour forth the flowing line,
 Assert the honours thou hast justly won:
 "Oh! wake once more!" invoke the favouring nine,
 And, ere thy yet remaining sand be run,
 Resplendently shine forth like the meridian sun.

But, though thy pleasures, Memory, justly claim
 The votive tribute of the minstrel's song ;
 Yet keen regret, despair, and blushing shame,
 Horror and madness too, to thee belong.
 Of torturing fiends, a fell, relentless throng
 Attend thy course, and goad the anguish'd mind,
 Recall the hour when vice betray'd to wrong,
 Anticipate the doom to guilt assign'd,
 And to each glimpse of hope the wandering senses blind.

And shall thy pleasures then alone inspire
 The poet's song ? Shall fancy, sportive, gay,
 To notes of joy, ecstasie tune the lyre,
 Unmindful that those pleasures soon decay ?
 Forgetful that the brightest, happiest day
 Must often, by misfortune overcast,
 Call forth the tear for moments pass'd away,
 For hopes dispers'd by disappointment's blast,
 And pleasing spells dissolv'd, which fancy said should last.

And do not themes like these deserve the lay ?
 Yes ; though ungrateful, gloomy, and forlorn
 Scorn'd by the young, unnotic'd by the gay,
 Who sport enraptur'd in the glowing morn
 Of life ; yet hearts there are who may not scorn
 The song which bids the tear of pity start ;
 Hearts which have deeply felt the rankling thorn,
 Which Memory can through every fibre dart ;
 To such my lay shall flow, warm from a kindred heart

Are there who mourn for friendship known no more ?
 For cold neglect, unmerited disdain ?
 Are there who weep adversity's dark hour,
 Reluctant vassals in misfortune's train ?
 Are there for evil past who sigh in vain,
 Harass'd with grief, worn out with toiling care ?
 Whoe'er ye are, whose bosoms throb with pain,
 Deem not your own distress beyond compare,
 But learn from heavier griefs your lighter load to bear.

Hapless the lover in his nymph's disdain,
 Hapless the mariner by tempests driven,
 Hapless the cripple bent with age and pain,
 Hapless the blind amid the light of heaven ;
 More hapless still the wretch who long has striven,
 And o'er his fierce desires no battle won :
 But, oh ! how hapless he, whose heart is riven
 With conscious guilt ! on whom the glorious sun
 Shines with unwelcome ray, and tells of mischief done !

* * * * *

STANZAS

ON THE

Death of Sir Samuel Romilly.

OVERWHELMING indeed is the anguish we feel,
 And tearless the sorrow we nurse for thy lot ;
 It is not a pang that to-morrow may heal,
 Nor is it a grief which can soon be forgot.

There are woes which descend like the bolt of Jove's
 thunder !
 That suddenly, crushingly, fall on the heart ;
 Enwrapping our feelings in terror and wonder,
 And bidding the hopes we most cherish'd depart !

Even such is thy death ! It is felt as a blow
 By thousands who honour'd and reverenc'd thy NAME ;
 In whose hearts it awaken'd that eloquent glow
 Of pure patriot love, which no titles can claim.

When the cup of thy bitterness rose to its height,
 Though we mourn'd for thy sake, yet we did not
 despair ;
 We still cherish'd hopes : they are now quench'd in night :
 And bitter the grief thou hast left us to bear.

Yet think not, how gloomy soever may seem
 The clouds which envelop'd thy sun's setting ray,
 These can totally hide every heart-cheering beam
 It had shed on our souls through its glorious day.

No ! deep as the darkness may be that enshrouds
 Our spirits, and transiently shadow'd thy own ;
 Thy memory hereafter shall scatter the clouds,
 And thy long-cherish'd worth be remember'd alone.

Oh ! well may that memory be sacred and dear ;
 Well may we that worth in our bosoms enshrine ;
 For whom hast thou left we can call thy compeer ?
 Whose talents and virtues shall make up for thine ?

Star after star, which attracted our gaze,
 We have hail'd with delight, and then bade them
 adieu !
 And Sun after Sun, while we bask'd in its blaze,
 Has sunk from our sight, and deserted us too !

The mighty have fallen, and left us to mourn !

The Champions of Freedom are laid in the dust ;
And the arms which her standard had fearlessly borne,
Stern Death has compell'd to relinquish their trust.

Oh ! never was Liberty's banner unfurl'd,

But thy glance caught its glory, thy heart own'd its
worth ;

'Twas thy wish it should float o'er the civiliz'd world,
And heav'n's winds waft its fame to the ends of the
earth !

And ne'er had that greatest of causes, a friend

More conspicuously good, more consistently great ;
Who more earnestly labour'd its weal to defend,
In defiance of despots, and tyranny's hate.

Whether Africa's offspring thy succour might need,

Or thy own injur'd countrymen ask for thy aid ;

Or he, to whom conscience dictated a creed
Dissenting from that which his country display'd ;

Or whether our code, writ in letters of blood,

Call'd thy eloquence forth ; thou must rank amongst
those

Who for MAN's hopes and happiness nobly have stood,
And patiently strove to alleviate his woes.

And oh ! if we turn from thy glorious career
 In the senate, and fix for a moment our gaze
 On thy track in an humbler and happier sphere ;
 How bright and how blissful the scene it displays.

As a *Friend*, and a *Father*, can aught e'er atone
 For the loss of thy friendship ?—still more of thy love ?
 As a *HUSBAND* !—'tis past ! and thy spirit has flown
 To the Father of Spirits, who reigneth above.

Unto *HIM*, who remembers that man is but dust,
 Thine immortal allotment we humbly resign ;—
 The verdicts of men may be harsh and unjust,
 But mercy is mingled with judgment divine.

VERSES

TO AN INFANT.

BLESSINGS rest on thee, happy one !

All that parental love
Could ask, or wish, since life begun,
Be given thee from above.

Fruitless the wish, and vain the prayer,
For perfect bliss would be ;
Thou canst not shun what all must share
Nor 'scape from sorrow free.

What all must meet, thou canst not miss ;
Yet mayst thou, sweet one ! know
Capacity to relish bliss,
And strength to combat woe.

May that pure innocence, which now
Is infancy's best spell,
Encircle long thy cloudless brow,
And in thy bosom dwell.

It is the talisman, whose touch
 Is like Ithuriel's spear ;
 And it shall teach thee, us'd as such,
 Both what to love and fear.

In all the countless codes and creeds
 Which man for man has plann'd,
 Is much, that he who oftenest reads
 Can never understand.

May these be as a volume seal'd ;—
 A fountain clos'd to thee ;
 And in thy heart shall be reveal'd
 Life's true philosophy.

Thus should it be ; for thou art one
 Round whom the enlight'ning ray
 Of nature's outward, glorious sun,
 Will freely sport and play.

And the uncharter'd breeze, that sweeps
 Thy native valley fair,
 Will dry the tear thy young eye weeps,
 And wave thy flowing hair.

Then be a child of nature's school,
 Her silent teachings trace ;
 And she shall fit thee for the rule
 Of holy, heavenly grace.

For they are still the truly wise,
 Who earliest learn to look
 On earth's best charms, on sun, and skies,
 As wisdom's open book.

There may thy dawning reason read
 Instruction, line by line ;
 And guileless thought, and virtuous deed,
 In life's first bloom be thine.

Thus taught, nor art, nor base deceit
 Shall mar thy opening youth ;
 Thy heart with healthful hopes shall beat,
 Thy tongue be tun'd to truth.

And when, through childhood's paths of flowers,
 Thy infant steps have trod,
 Thy soul shall be, in after hours,
 Prepar'd to learn of God !

His SPIRIT, plac'd within thy heart,
 Shall fill it, from above,
 With grace to act a Christian's part,
 And keep it pure by love.

And thou shalt find, in every stage
 Of ripening soul and sense,
 That virtue's guard, in youth, in age,
 Is holy innocence !

Farewell ! I dare not hope that prayer
Of mine can prove of worth ;
Yet *this* may not disperse in air,
Since thou hast given it birth.

Oh, for thy sake ! and theirs no less,
Who on thy being build !
May the warm hopes these lines express,
In mercy be fulfill'd.

TO

The Memory

OF

H———— M————

**FAREWELL ! but O think not thy memory shall perish !
 It shall shine through our hearts as thy virtues have
 done ;
 And affection and friendship its lustre shall cherish,
 As bright and as clear as the calm setting sun.**

**We mourn not for thee ; though too early thou'st left us,
 Thou hadst nothing to do, but to die and be blest ;
 For Death, which has thus of thy presence bereft us,
 Was to thee but the herald of quiet and rest.**

**Well, peace to thy slumbers ! that peace the world
 gives not ;
 And visions of bliss through the night of the tomb ;
 Till thou wak'st in that heaven where pale sorrow lives
 not,
 But pleasures immortal around thee shall bloom.**

I remember when prospects as bright and unclouded,
 As thy own peaceful heart, seem'd thy heritage here ;
 And I sigh'd, for thy sake, when adversity shrouded
 A landscape so lovely, so calm, and so clear.

But 'tis over ! and now, unto Faith's piercing vision,
 The clouds are dispersing, which darken'd before ;
 Through Death's gloomy portal shine prospects elysian,
 A vista which sorrow shall shadow no more.

Farewell ! then, once more : angels watch o'er thy
 slumbers !

Till eternity's dawn on thy waking shall shine ;
 And oh ! may the Poet, when Death stills his numbers,
 Sink to sleep as inviting, as tranquil as thine !

STANZAS

ON THE

Death of a Child.

THOUGH parental affection lament thee,
And anguish, which loves to recall
Thy image, may oft represent thee
As the fairest and loveliest of all :
Although I must feel for such sorrow,
There is so much of bliss in *thy* lot,
That pain from thee pleasure may borrow,
And joy could not wish thee forgot.

When childhood, by sin yet untainted,
Gives up life, which it scarcely hath gain'd ;
And, ere with affliction acquainted,
Hath its end and its object attain'd ;
There is so much of sweet consolation,
To soften the sorrow we feel ;
While we mourn the severe dispensation,
We bow to the hand which can heal.

Death comes not to such in his terrors,
 His pains are half pangless to them ;
 Crimes have not succeeded to errors,
 Nor conscience been rous'd to condemn.
 The prospect before and behind them
 Awakes not one heart-stinging sigh ;
 The season of suffering assign'd them
 May be bitter, but soon is gone by.

There is much to relieve and restore us
 To peace, when the Child which we lov'd
 Hath ascended to glory before us,
 Not *unblest*, though in mercy *unprov'd* !
 Fond fancy gives birth to the feeling
 That part of ourselves is at rest ;
 Hope, humble, but holy and healing,
 Sheds its balm in the yet bleeding breast.

Who knows but the beings who bound us,
 With tenderest ties to this world,
 Though unseen, may be hovering around us,
 With their cherub-like pinions unfurl'd ?
 Although not to our senses permitted
 To be visible, still they are near ;
 And the feelings they prompt are most fitted
 To dry up the sorrowing tear.

They tell us that change of existence
Has not sever'd, but strengthen'd each tie ;
And, that though we may think them at distance,
Yet are they in spirit still nigh.
There yet is an unbroken union,
Though mortality's curtain may fall ;
And souls may keep up their communion,
Through the God of the spirits of all !

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

FORESTS, and lakes, the majesty of mountains,
 The dazzling glaciers, and the musical sound
 Of waves and winds, or softer gush of fountains :
 In sights and sounds like these thy soul has found
 Sublime delight ; but can the visible bound
 Of this small globe be the sole nurse and mother
 Of knowledge and of feeling ? Look around !
 Mark how one being differs from another ;
 Yet the world's book is spread before each human
 brother.

[No one can more admire the genius of this highly-gifted man, than I do ; but, in exact proportion to my admiration, is the regret I feel, for what I consider as the perversion of powers so rare, the misapplication of talents so splendid.]

Was this world, then, the parent and the nurse
 Of him whose mental eye outliv'd the sight
 Of all its beauties?—Him who sang the curse
 Of that forbidden fruit, which did invite
 Our first progenitors, whom that foul sprite,
 In serpent-form, seduc'd from innocence,
 By specious promises, that wrong and right,
 Evil and good, when they had gather'd thence,
 Should be distinctly seen, as by diviner sense?

They pluck'd, and paid the awful penalty
 Of disobedience: yet man will not learn
 To be content with knowledge that is free
 To all. There are, whose soaring spirits spurn
 At humble lore, and, still insatiate, turn
 From living fountains to forbidden springs;
 Whence having proudly quaff'd, their bosoms burn
 With visions of unutterable things,
 Which restless fancy's spell in shadowy glory brings.

Delicious the delirious bliss, while new;
 Unreal phantoms of wise, good, and fair,
 Hover around, in every vivid hue
 Of glowing beauty; these dissolve in air,
 And leave the barren spirit bleak and bare
 As alpine summits: it remains to try
 The hopeless task (of which themselves despair)
 Of bringing back those feelings, now gone by,
 By making their own dreams the code of all society.

" All fear, none aid them, and few comprehend ;"
 And then comes disappointment, and the blight
 Of hopes, that might have bless'd mankind, but end
 In stoic apathy, or starless night :
 And thus hath many a spirit, pure and bright,
 Lost that effulgent and ethereal ray,
 Which, had religion nourish'd it, still might
 Have shone on, peerless, to that perfect day,
 When death's veil shall be rent, and darkness dash'd
 away.

Ere it shall prove too late, thy steps retrace :
 The heights thy muse has scal'd, can never be
 Her loveliest, or her safest dwelling-place.
 In the deep valley of humility,
 The river of immortal life flows free
 For thee—for all. Oh ! taste its limpid wave,
 As it rolls murmuring by, and thou shalt see
 Nothing in death the Christian dares not brave,
 Whom faith in God has given a world beyond the
 grave !

HYMN,

COMPOSED FOR THE CHILDREN OF A

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

O THOU ! to whom the grateful song
Of prayer and praise is due,
Hear, we entreat, our childish throng,
And grant thy blessing too.

On those who have so kindly strove
Thy precepts to instil ;
Who strive to teach us how to *love*,
And *do* thy holy will ;

On such, O LORD ! thy mercies shed,
Who, in this world of woe,
Like fountains, with fresh waters fed,
Bear blessings as they flow.

And may we, planted by such streams,
Like flowers, which love to lave
Their bending branches in the beams
Which warm their parent wave :

May we, thus blest, yet humbly bow
To THEE, the source of Love !
And drawing nurture from below,
Breathe brightness from above.

Then shall we, while on earth we live,
To thine a comfort be ;
And wither, but through death to live
An endless life with THEE !

VERSES TO THE MEMORY OF
SARAH CANDLER.

O DOUBT not thy memory liveth
In the hearts of survivors on earth !
And soothing the pleasure it giveth
To mourners who muse on thy worth.

But, though we can never forget thee,
And though we believe thou art blest,
We cannot but deeply regret thee,
And long shall thy loss be confest.

For thine was a mind richly gifted
With talents not frequent in youth ;
Yet by vanity never uplifted
Above usefulness, meekness, and truth.

We had hopes it was pleasure to nourish,
(Then how shall our sorrow be mute ?)
That those bright buds of genius would flourish,
And burst into blossoms and fruit.

But our hopes and our prospects are shaded,
For the plant which inspir'd them hath shed
Its foliage, all green and unfaded,
Ere the beauty of spring-time hath fled.

Like foam on the crest of the billow,
 Which sparkles, and sinks from the sight ;
 Like leaf of the wind-shaken willow,
 Though transiently, beauteously bright ;—
 Like dew-drops, exhal'd as they glisten ;
 Like perfume, which dies soon as shed ;
 Like melody, hush'd while we listen ;—
 Is memory's dream of the dead.

But if such be the objects resembling
 The glimpses we saw of thy soul ;
 How much more *enduring* the emblem
 Its hopes and its prospects unroll !

That bird, which by bards is recorded,
 As deathless, and all but divine,
 Is now the fit emblem afforded
 Of spirits immortal as thine.

Redeem'd by the God who first made thee,
 Unto whom be the glory alone ;
 With the Tree of Life only to shade thee,
 From the brightness encircling his throne ;

Henceforth thou art rank'd with the daughters
 To whom the "new song" hath been given ;
 Whose voice, like the voice of vast waters,
 Everlastingly echoes in heaven !

SILENT WORSHIP.

THOUGH glorious, O God! must thy temple have
been,

On the day of its first dedication,
When the Cherubim's wings widely waving were seen
On high, o'er the ark's holy station ;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd
To minister, standing before Thee,
Retir'd from the cloud which the temple then fill'd,
And thy glory made Israel adore Thee :

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then ;
Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men,
Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repeal'd ?
But by HIM, unto whom it was given
To enter the Oracle, where is reveal'd,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once enter'd, hath shown us the way,
 O Lord ! how to worship before thee ;
 Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
 But in *spirit* and *truth* to adore thee !

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
 When she of Samaria found him
 By the patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
 With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple the homage he taught
 To her, who inquir'd by that fountain,
 If JEHOVAH at Solyma's shrine would be sought ?
 Or ador'd on Samaria's mountain ?

Woman ! believe me, the hour is near,
 When He, if ye rightly would hail him,
 Will neither be worship'd *exclusively* here,
 Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

For GOD is a Spirit ! and they, who aright
 Would perform the pure worship he loveth,
 In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,
 That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,
 Whose bosoms have livingly known it ;
 Whom GOD hath instructed to worship him there,
 And convinc'd that his mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to his name,
Now lives but in history's story ;
Extinguish'd long since is its altar's bright flame,
And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom divine,
Though all human fabrics may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar !

VERSES

To the Memory of

MARY FLETCHER.

ENTHUSIAST, fanatic, and fool,
Many who read thy life will style thee
And others, more sedate and cool,
Will pity, who dare not revile thee.

For me, I feel, on laying down
The volume, neither power nor will
To ape the critic's frigid frown :
To flatter thee were idler still.

While *living*, praise of man to thee
Was nothing : o'er thy mouldering earth,
Its empty echo now would be
But mockery of thy Christian worth !

Nor would I, venerable shade !
Now touch such high and solemn theme,
Or this poor tribute have essay'd,
If thus the unthinking world would deem.

But there are those, with whom the test
 Of truth is not the Gospel creed ;
 To whom thy life will be a jest,
 Thy path—a parable indeed !

And these, perchance to show their wit,
 Will heap thy name with obloquy ;
 And o'er thy hallow'd pages sit,
 “ Drest up in brief authority.”

To thee it matters not ; but those
 Who honour and revere thy name,
 May be allow'd to interpose,
 And vindicate thy well-earn'd fame.

Not for thy sake alone, but theirs
 Who tread the path which thou hast trod ;
 The church, which prompted once thy prayers,
 Thy faith, thy Saviour, and thy God !

These, with united voice, demand
 The payment of that sacred debt ;
 Due, in a favour'd Christian land,
 When stars of righteousness have set.

Set, but to rise with holier light ;
 Eclips'd on earth to shine in heaven ;
 How should the chill grave's transient night
 Dim what Death's Conqueror had given ?

And such wert thou : a prophetess
Worthy the church's earlier day ;
In piety and faithfulness,
Proving, to love is to obey.

Sceptics may think thy life on earth
Was madness—an enthusiast's dream ;
And folly, in its empty mirth,
Thy end devoid of honour deem.

But Faith, which owns thee unforgot,
For thy immortal spirit paints,
With children of the Lord thy lot,
Thy heritage among the Saints !

TO LYDIA.

MIDNIGHT has stol'n upon me ! sound is none,
Save when light, tinkling cinders, one by one,
Fall from my fire ; or its low, fluttering blaze,
A faint and fitful noise at times betrays ;
Or distant baying of the watch-dog, caught
At intervals. It is the hour of thought ;
Canst thou then marvel, now that thought is free,
Memory should wake, and Fancy fly to thee?—
That she should paint thee, wrapp'd in peaceful sleep ?
While round thy happy pillow spirits keep
Their post unseen : those watchers of the night,
Who, o'er the innocent, with fond delight
Stand centinels, and, by their guardian power,
Preserve from evil Virtue's slumbering hour.
Calm, healthful, and refreshing be thy rest !
And be thy dreams as blissful, as e'er blest,
In Fancy's sweetest, purest, loveliest mood,
The hours of stillness and of solitude !

MEDITATIONS

IN

GREAT BEALINGS CHURCH-YARD.

IT is not only while we look upon
 A lovely landscape, that its beauties please :
 In distant days, when we afar are gone
 From such, in fancy's idle reveries,
 Or moods of mind which memory loves to seize,
 It comes in living beauty ; fresh as when
 We first beheld it : valley, hill, or trees
 O'ershadowing unseen brooks ; or outstretch'd fen,
 With cattle sprinkled o'er, exist, and charm again.

Such pictures silently and sweetly glide
 Before my " mind's eye ;" and I welcome them
 The more, because their presence has supplied
 A joy, as pure and stainless, as the gem
 That morning finds on blossom, leaf, or stem
 Of the fair garden's Queen, the lovely Rose ;
 Ere breeze, or sunbeam, from her diadem,
 Have stol'n one brilliant, and around she throws
 Her perfumes o'er the spot which with her beauty glows.

Bear witness, many a lov'd and lovely scene,
 Which I no more may visit ; are ye not
 Thus still my own ? Thy groves of shady green,
 Sweet Gosfield * ! or thou, wild, romantic spot !
 Where, by grey craggy cliff, and lonely grot,
 The shallow Dove † rolls o'er his rocky bed :
 You still remain as fresh, and unforgot,
 As if but yesterday mine eyes had fed
 Upon your charms ; and yet months, years, since then
 have sped—

Their silent course. And thus it ought to be,
 Should I sojourn far hence in distant years,
 Thou lovely dwelling of the dead ! with thee :
 For there is much about thee that endears
 Thy peaceful landscape ; much the heart reveres,
 Much that it loves, and all it could desire
 In meditation's haunt, when hopes and fears
 Have been too busy, and we would retire,
 Even from ourselves awhile, yet of ourselves inquire.

Then art thou such a spot as man might choose
 For still communion : all around is sweet,
 And calm, and soothing ; when the light breeze woos
 The lofty limes that shadow thy retreat,
 Whose interlacing branches, as they meet,
 O'ertop, and almost hide the edifice
 They beautify ; no sound, except the bleat
 Of innocent lambs, or notes which speak the bliss
 Of happy birds unseen. What could a hermit miss ?

* Gosfield Park, near Halstead, in Essex.

† Dove-dale, in Derbyshire.

Enough there is of life, to bind him to
 The living ; and still more here is to guide
 His thoughts and feelings, by a nat'ral clue,
 To those who thought and felt like him, then died ;
 And now in quiet slumber, side by side,
 Still challenge kindred, by a holy link,
 That not e'en Death can totally divide :
 Do we not feel this, when, upon the brink
 Of a yet unfill'd grave, we pause, compell'd to think ?

We do, for whomsoe'er that grave is ope ;
 Or young, or middle-ag'd, or if the flight
 Of time, have had with such unusual scope :
 Whether its inmate claim the pensive rite
 Of friend, or kinship ; or if such were quite
 A stranger, living ; Nature will be heard ;
 Reason, and Revelation, both unite
 Their voice with her's, proclaiming how absurd
 Earth's vain distinctions are, though eagerly preferr'd.

Yes, thou, stern Death ! art, after all, the best
 And truest teacher, an unflattering one,
 And yet we shun thee like some baneful pest.
 In youth, we fancy life is but begun :
 Then active middle-age comes hurrying on,
 And leaves us less of leisure ; and, alas !
 Even in age, when slowly, surely run
 The few last sands which linger in the glass,
 We mourn how few remain, how rapidly they pass.

But 'tis not thee we fear, if thou wert *all* ;

Thou might'st be brav'd, although in thee is much
To wither up the nerves, the heart appal :

Not the mere icy chillness of thy touch,
Nor nature's hopeless struggle with thy clutch

In tossing agony : in *thyself*, alone,
Thou hast worse pangs ; at least I deem them such,

Than any mere corporeal sense can own,
Which, without future fears, might make the bravest
groan.

For, *wert* thou all, in thee there is enough

To touch us to the quick ; to part with all
We love, might try a heart of sternest stuff,

And in itself would need what man could call
Of strength and courage ; but to feel the thrall

Of rending ties twine closer round the heart ;
To see, while on *our own* eyes shadows fall

Darker, and darker, tears of anguish start,
In *lov'd-ones* looking on us ; saying, " Must we part ! "

This is indeed enough. I never stood

But once beside a dying bed ; and there
My spirit was not in the fittest mood,

Perhaps, to be instructed, save to *BEAR* !
And *this* is somewhat to be taught us, where
We fancied it impossible : I say

But once it yet has been my lot to share

Such scene ; and that, though now a distant day,
Convinc'd me what it was to pass from life away.

Yet there was comfort in that death-bed scene :
 Piety, resignation, hope, faith, peace—
 All that might render such an hour serene,
 Attended round, and in the slow decrease
 Of life's last ling'ring powers, for calm release
 Prepar'd the suff'rer ; and, when life was flown,
 Though not abruptly could our sorrows cease,
 We felt that sorrow for ourselves alone ;
 Not for the quiet dead, around whom there was thrown—

Calmness, as 'twere a canopy : the spirit
 Seem'd like the prophet in his parting hour,
 (When he threw back, to him who was to inherit
 His gift, the mantle, as his richest dower,)
 To have left behind it somewhat of the power
 By which the o'ershadowing clouds of death were
 riven ;
 So that, round those who gaz'd, they could not lower
 With rayless darkness ; but a light was given
 Which made e'en tears grow bright : " 'twas light from
 heaven ! "

Of thee no more : in truth I scarce can tell
 What now recall'd thee to my thoughts ; unless
 This spot, where those who have bade earth farewell
 Sleep peacefully, such memories should impress.
 But, see ! the sun has set ; and now, to bless
 With quietness and beauty, softer far
 Than that of day, with pensive tenderness,
 As best befits the scene, the evening star
 Lights up its trembling lamp, to greet pale Cynthia's car.

Onward the queen of night advances : slow
 Through fleecy clouds with majesty she wheels :
 Yon tower's indented outline, tombstones low,
 And mossy grey, her silver light reveals :
 Now quivering through the lime-trees' foliage steals ;
 And now each humble, narrow, nameless bed,
 Whose grassy hillock not in vain appeals
 To eyes that pass by epitaphs unread,
 Rise to the view: How still the dwelling of the dead !

It is a scene that well may call me back,
 If any could, to solemn, tender themes ;
 Let me then once more turn me to the track
 My thoughts were journeying: it is one that
 teems ris
 With truths of high import, not baseless dreams.
 I said that death was not, abstractedly,
 Were it but all, so dreadful as it seems ;
 Howe'er acute may be the agony,
 'Tis brief, soon *must* be past, and yet we fear to die.

So much we fear it, in our natural state,
 That all of want, of wretchedness, and woe
 Combin'd, that can upon existence wait,
 Will not induce us calmly to forego
 The life we loathe, yet cling to. Wherefore so ?
 Why, because the deep instinctive awe
 Of something else, which reason cannot show,
 Or shows but faintly, makes our spirits draw
 Back from an unknown world.—'Tis nature's primal law.

Wisely this fear is rooted in the heart,
 Even in that which knows no nobler rule ;
 If not, when hopeless anguish said, depart !
 When passion stung the proud, contempt the fool ;
 What should deter the one till frenzy cool,
 And make the other one brief moment wise ?
 What but that feeling, learnt in nature's school ?
 Which prompts us, spite of sophistry and lies,
 To pause, before we dare a depth no sight describes.

But is this all ? Is this the state of man ?—
 Of him but little less than angels made ;
 The master-work of God's creative plan,
 After his image fashion'd, and array'd
 With powers to think—will—act ; by whom is sway'd
 The visible sceptre of this lower sphere ?
 Is he thus doom'd by life, by death dismay'd,
 To discontent and hopeless misery here ?
 Oh ! think not thus of man : the Gospel more revere.

“ The sting of death is sin ! ” From sin redeem'd,
 By him who died upon the cross, to save
 Mankind, (O be his death not unesteem'd !)
 A way is open'd unto all who crave
 His guidance, not to live of sin the slave,
 Nor die in dark despair : be it thine to cling
 To Him who won this victory o'er the grave,
 And drew from death his direst, keenest sting ;
 So shalt thou, in his time, his glorious praises sing.

" Thanks be to God, who giveth evermore
 The victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord !"
 Such is the joyful anthem ; but before
 Its full, triumphal echoes can be pour'd
 Through heaven's high courts, and God can be ador'd
 By thee, in that beatitude, thou must
 Be born again ; and thus, by grace restor'd
 Unto his favour, even from the dust
 Thou shalt be rais'd again, to join the good and just.

For this corruptible must first put on
 An essence incorrupt ; this mortal be,
 Ere such pure blessedness by man is won,
 Clothed upon with immortality.
 Then, from corruption's deep defilements free,
 Mortal in immortality array'd ;
 Death shall be swallow'd up in victory ;
 And thou, thy thirst by living streams allay'd,
 Shalt enter in the gates where pain nor grief invade.

But I am vent'ring on a theme more high
 Than Muse of mine should dare to touch upon ;
 Its dazzling glories dim her aching eye ;
 Imagination which afar had gone,
 Owns, as she often heretofore has done,
 Even her loftiest flights are far too low
 For such a theme ; by truth acknowledg'd one,
 Which, were it handled as it ought, would grow
 Too bright, too splendid far, for mortal ken to know.

And yet it is inspiring, and must tend
 To elevate the mind, and purify
 From low desires, to have its thoughts ascend
 At times on eagle-wings, and heavenward fly ;
 Soaring above the vast and starry sky,
 Through worlds and systems crowding boundless
 space,
 To HIM who fram'd the whole ; whose watchful eye,
 And power supreme, in beauty, order, grace,
 Upholds them all, and gives to each its destin'd place.

Nor do such flights as these, indulg'd with awe,
 And due remembrance of our nothingness,
 Improperly exalt : those who withdraw
 Thus from themselves, into the mighty press
 Of thoughts unutterable, from the excess
 Of their o'erwhelming majesty, must feel
 (Can finite in infinitude do less ?)
 The irresistible, though mute appeal,
 Which these unto the heart intelligibly reveal.

Dost thou inquire what train of thought could lead .
 My mind, from such a spot, to these unsought
 And unconnected musings ? Some who read,
 May think them such ; and yet they have been
 brought
 To me in seeming order. What is thought ?
 Imagination's vast and shoreless sea,
 Which, shifting light and darkness play athwart
 In rapid change ; inscrutable, and free,
 A mirror, where we find forms of all things that be.

And as, when first creative Power employ'd
 Its energies ; when darkness rul'd the deep,
 A mighty Spirit, moving o'er the void,
 And waste of waters, rous'd from chaos' sleep
 The mass of matter ; so may those who keep
 Observant watch within, discover there
 Fathomless depths, o'er which at times may creep,
 By many known not, light which would prepare
 That inert, shapeless mass, and power divine declare.

But thou, my unknown reader, think'st perhaps,
 I touch again on subjects, all unfit
 For me to cope with. Bear with me: the lapse
 Of time, and much that time has brought with it,
 If it have taught me little else, has lit
 A lamp within ; and though too oft it may
 But render darkness visible, there flit,
 In calmer hours, before its trembling ray,
 Forms which are not of earth, nor can with time decay.

We live but idly, if we learn not this,
 That in our bosoms we must find, at last,
 Or poignant wretchedness, or purest bliss.
 It boots but little, if our lot be cast
 In wealth, or poverty ; or *how* are pass'd
 The few short years we have to spend below :
 Even while they *seem* to linger, they fly fast,
 And, when the last has fled, we feel, and know,
 That where the dead are gone, ourselves must likewise
 go !

All this we knew before ! then why discuss
 Subjects so trite ? Why this, I own, is true ;
 And yet, to beings fallible like us,
 Such truths, though trite, are worth recalling too.
 But I must once more look upon this view,
 Before I leave it : night has cloth'd it now
 With added beauties : lovelily the hue
 Of silvery moonlight rests upon the brow
 Of those soft-swelling uplands ; through each rustling
 bough—

Of these tall limes, it gently finds its way ;
 Shifting, with every breeze, its flitting gleam ;
 And, while I watch its ever-varying ray,
 I catch, at intervals, from yonder stream,
 Music so soft, that fancy half could deem
 From viewless harps such liquid murmurs fell ;
 The scene, in truth, is like some lovely dream,
 Thrown o'er the spirit by enchanter's spell :—
 One more look ere I part ! 'Tis given, and now, fare-
 well !

VERSES TO A FRIEND,

WITH A COPY OF THE PRECEDING.

I PROMIS'D thee, that, soon or late,
 Your burial-ground should be,
 Wouldst thou with gentle patience wait,
 A theme of verse to me.

So long, alas ! did I delay
 The tribute thus decreed it,
 That thou, half angrily, didst say,
 When wrote, thou wouldst not read it

But I defy the idle threat,
 In peevish mood held out,
 For reasons two-fold, which, as yet,
 I see no cause to doubt.

The first is curiosity !
 Your sex's master-spell.
 Nay ! look not so reproachfully,
 I feel its force as well.

E

Nor am I much asham'd to own
 This fault, if fault it be ;
 Much worse, I guess, might soon be shown,
 Or 'twere not shar'd with thee.

But let that pass : one reason yet
 Remains for thee to hear,
 Why I should hold thy playful threat
 As one I need not fear.]

It is because the spot, thus made
 The scene of thoughts of mine,
 Is one that often is pourtray'd
 By Fancy unto thine.

When absent from it, does it not
 Arise to Memory's view,
 Like an endear'd and hallow'd spot,
 Where thought and feeling grew—

From strength to strength ? Oh, thus it should !
 For, howsoe'er we roam,
 Hearts happy, guileless, pure, and good,
 Must turn to childhood's home.

Then be the song which owes its birth
 To thee, by thee approv'd ;
 If not for its intrinsic worth,
 Yet for its theme belov'd.

And should it seem to thee to wear
Of graver thoughts the hue,
With such I know that thou wilt bear,
If feeling own them true.

The brightest, gayest thoughts of mirth,
If thought to mirth be given,
Can only lend a charm to *earth* ;
But graver—lead to *heaven* !

WINTER.

THOU hast thy beauties : sterner ones, I own,
Than those of thy precursors ; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are blown
By hurrying winds across the troubled sky ;
Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh
Through leafless boughs, with ivy overgrown.
Thou hast thy decorations too ; although
Thou art austere : thy studded mantle, gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As erst Golconda's ; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes nature ; till her features seem
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we dream.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND.

THOU dost not need that verse of mine
 Should speak my thanks, or paint thy worth ;
 And yet a friendship firm as thine
 May bear what gratitude gives birth.

Thou art not like those flowers that ask
 The aid of art, as frail as fair ;
 Which in conservatories bask,
 But wither in the open air:

These stem no storm, and brook no blast ;
 Though bright their blossoming may be ;
 Their perfume pleases, and is past ;
 And can such things be types of thee?

They cannot ! But I've seen, ere now,
 On some wild ruin, moss'd and grey
 A flower as fair, as sweet as thou,
 Blessing with bloom its latest day.

And while its loveliness has lent
 Fresh beauty to that mouldering wall,
 It seem'd as if its sweets were sent
 To make up for the loss of all.

The winds might howl, the ruin rock ;
 It flourish'd fearlessly, and fair ;
 It shrunk not from the impending shock ;
 It spoke defiance to despair.

And thus, in seasons dark and drear,
 When I have felt, how oft, alas !
 With many a mute, foreboding fear,
 The ruin of what once I was ;

Thy friendship, like that faithful flower,
 Surviving much, defying all,
 Has caus'd on sorrow's saddest hour
 Some streaks of happier hue to fall.

Heaven bless thee for it ! and believe
 That he who bids the gentle dew
 Refresh the wall-flower every eve,
 And morning sunbeams warm it too :

O doubt not He will doubly bless
 What purest friendship hath inspir'd ;
 And, for its worth, and faithfulness,
 Return what it hath not requir'd.

And long may I, by fate bereft
 Of much, most justly dear to me ;
 Still fondly learn its frowns have left
 For soothing thoughts, a theme in thee !

SONNET

TO THE DEBEN.

THOU windest not through scenery which enchants
The gazer's eye with much of grand or fair ;
Yet on thy margin many a wandering pair
Have found that peaceful pleasure nature grants
To those who seek her in her humbler haunts,
And love and prize them, because she is there :
May I then, now the setting sunbeam slants
Upon thy bosom, in those pleasures share ?
Thanks unto Nature, she hath left me yet
Some of those better feelings which were born
In childhood : may their influence never set ;
But may it be as gradually withdrawn,
As yon sun's beams from thee ; chiding regret
By the bright promise of a cloudless morn.

TO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH;

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS POEM, ENTITLED

"PETER BELL."

BEAUTIFUL Poet ! as thou art,
In spite of all that critics tell,
I thank thee, even from my heart,
For this, thy tale of "PETER BELL."
It is a story worthy one
Who thinks, feels, loves, as thou hast done.

It is a story worthy too
Of a more simple, primal age,
When feelings, natural, tender, true,
Hallow'd the poet's humblest page,
Ere trick'ry had usurp'd the place
Of unsophisticated grace.

I quarrel not with those who deem
 Essential to poetic mood
 High-sounding phrase, and lofty theme,
 And "ready arts to freeze the blood ;"
 Intent to dazzle or appal ;
 But nature still is best of all.

To be by taste's and fashion's laws
 The favourite of this fickle day ;
 To win the drawing-room's applause,
 To strike, to startle, to display,
 And give effect, would seem the aim
 Of most who bear the poet's name.

For this, one idol of the hour,
 Brilliant and sparkling as the beams
 Of the glad sun, culls every flower,
 And scatters round dews, gems, and streams,
 Until the wearied, aching sight,
 Is "blasted with excess of light."

Another leads his readers on
 With scenery, narrative, and tales
 Of legends wild, and battles won—
 Of craggy rocks, and verdant vales ;
 Till, always on amazement's brink,
 We find we have no time to think.

And last, not least, a master mind,
 Around whose proud and haughty brow,
 Had he but chosen, might have twin'd
 The Muses' brightest, greenest bough,
 Who, would he his own victor be,
 Might seize on immortality.

He too, forsooth, with morbid vein,
 Must fling a glorious fame away ;
 Instruction and delight disdain,
 And make us own, yet loathe his sway :
 From Helicon he might have quaff'd,
 Yet turn'd to Acheron's deadly draught.

O shame and glory of our age !
 With talents such as scarcely met
 In bard before : thy magic page
 Who can peruse without regret ?
 Or think, with cold, unpitying mien,
 Of what thou *art*, and *might'st have been* ?

No more of such : from these I turn,
 From sparkling wit, and amorous lays :
 From glooms that chill, and " words that burn,"
 And gorgeous pomp of feudal days ;
 I turn from such, as things that move
 Wonder and awe, but wake not love.

To thee, and to thy page despis'd
 By worldly hearts, I turn with joy,
 To ponder o'er the lays I priz'd,
 When once a careless, happy boy ;
 And all that fascinated then,
 More understood, delights again.

Nor is it, Wordsworth, trivial test
 Of thy well-earn'd poetic fame,
 That the untutor'd youthful breast
 Should cherish with delight thy name :
 If feeling be the test of truth,
 That touchstone is best prov'd in youth.

Thine is no complicated art,
 Which after-life alone can give
 The power to appreciate : in the heart
 Its purest, holiest canons live ;
 And nature's tact is most intense
 In the soul's early innocence.

'Tis then the sun, the sky, the air,
 The sparkling stream, the leafy wood,
 The verdant fields, the mountains bare,
 Are *felt*, though little understood :
 We care not, seek not then to prove
 Effect, or cause : we feel, and love.

And in that day of love and feeling,
 Poetry is a heavenly art ;
 Its genuine principles revealing
 In their own glory to the heart,
 Nature's resistless, artless tone
 Awakes an echo of its own.

These truths, for such they are, by thee,
 Illustrious Poet ! well are seen ;
 And to thy wise simplicity
 Most sacred have they ever been ;
 Therefore shalt thou, before the NINE
 Officiate, in their inmost shrine !

Then journey on thy way : though lowly,
 And simple, and despis'd it be ;
 Yet shall it yield thee visions holy,
 And such as worldings never see :
 Majestic, simple, meek, sublime,
 And worthy of an earlier time.

Continue still to cultivate,
 In thy sequester'd solitude,
 Those high conceptions which await
 The musings of the wise and good ;
 Conceptions lofty, pure, and bright,
 Which fill thy soul with heavenly light.

Thou need'st not stoop to win applause
By petty artifice of style ;
Or studied wit that coldly draws
From fops or fools a vapid smile :
And still less need'st thou stoop to borrow
Affected gloom, or mimic sorrow.

But take thee to thy groves and fields,
Thy rocky vales, and mountains bare,
And give us all that nature yields
Of manners, feelings, habits, there :
Please and instruct the present age,
And live in history's latest page.

AN
ADDRESS

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS, AND OTHER FRIENDS, OF A FUND FOR
CLOTHING THE CHILDREN OF A CHARITY SCHOOL.

FRIENDS of the helpless ! let a nameless bard
Unto your boon its fitting meed award,
And speak the thanks of these, themselves too young
To trust their feelings to a faltering tongue :
How could the Muse a task more welcome take,
Both for her own, and human nature's sake,
Than that she now discharges ? Howsoe'er
Imperfectly 'tis done, it must be dear
To every better feeling, to dispense
The thanks of childhood to beneficence.

That education, rightly understood,
Confers the capability of good,
At least improves it ; that it lifts the views
Beyond enjoyments mere barbarians choose ;
That, well directed, it may richly bless,
And train to order and to usefulness ;

That, above all, it can enable those
 Thus taught, in hours of leisure, to unclothe
 The SACRED WRITERS' vast and varied store
 Of social, moral truth,—of Gospel lore :
 These you admit as axioms, known to all,
 Trite to repeat, and trifling to recall :
 Besides, perhaps you'll add, that not to you
 These children's thanks for humble lore are due ;
 But granting this, have you done nothing, then,
 To win their gratitude ?—their praise to gain ?
 Indeed you have ; and, lest you have forgot,
 I'll tell you gratefully and frankly what.

It is ordain'd, as wisely sure it should,
 That, in the luxury of doing good,
 Such ample scope is given by Providence
 For all to exercise benevolence,
 That none, in whom the will and power unite,
 Can be excluded from the pure delight ;
 And, although each a different task employ,
 All share the labour, and partake the joy.
 As when, in trans-atlantic wastes, a band
 Of emigrants first cultivate the land,
 One clears the weeds and brambles, to prepare
 Th' encumber'd earth to admit th' upturning share ;
 A second sows the grain ; another's toil
 Some streamlet leads to fertilize the soil ;
 But when the crop is borne their garner in,
 Each one partakes what all conspir'd to win :

So in the works of charity, which find
 Their own reward in every feeling mind,
 It matters not in memory's page to keep
 Who *sows*, who *waters*: all alike shall *reap*.

Be it your praise, then, which you well have won,
 That when the beams of education's sun
 Shone on the minds of these, and taught to shoot
 Those seeds which yet may bear immortal fruit ;
 You did not then with frigid glance review
 What had been done, and deem nought left to do :
 'Twas yours, with kindred kindness, to contrive
 What best might keep the generous seed alive ;
 To apply that stimulus, which, aptly brought
 To bear upon the unfolding germs of thought,
 Might, being *merit's prize*, with powerful sway,
 Inculcate neatness, while it shunn'd display.
 Nor can I but commend that blameless art,
 Skill'd in the feelings of a childish heart,
 Which, far from viewing them with haughty frown,
 Held out that harmless bribe, a neat new gown !
 Thus making e'en a love of dress conspire
 To bring about the object you desire ;
 And wisely placing, too, by Learning's side,
 That virtuous love of neatness, *miscall'd* pride !
 If this have been your aim, O then believe !
 More blest it is to give, than to receive !
 Nor can these children's hearts a joy have known
 From gifts of yours, but doubly is your own.

May your example, and the joy you feel,
 Join'd with this artless, but sincere appeal,
 And back'd by all the happy, youthful glee
 Which crowns this season of festivity,*
 Bring many more to join your social band,
 And aid the accomplishment of all you've plann'd.
 May those who, as spectators, share the bliss,
 Looking with pleasure on a scene like this,
 Ere they withdraw, of their own bosoms ask,
 Can we do nothing in this pleasing task ?
 However small the boon conferr'd may be,
 If given from feelings of pure charity,
 It cannot fail to win its sure reward,
 Since, "What is given the poor is lent the Lord !"

* This address was first circulated among the subscribers, and others, attending a festival, with which the children of this school were occasionally indulged.

VERSES,

SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF AN EPITAPH IN BURY CHURCH-YARD.

WHEN Siloam's tower in fragments strew'd the ground,
 And by its fall spread awe and terror round ;
 Think ye that they on whom the ruin fell,
 Were worse than those who liv'd their fate to tell ?
 I say unto ye, nay ! That righteous God,
 Who rules the nations with his awful nod,
 Without whose knowledge not a sparrow dies,
 Looks not on such events with human eyes ;
 The bolt he hurls, by boundless mercy sped,
 Oft strikes the saint's, but spares the sinner's head ;
 And while frail mortals scan effect and cause,
 His love pursues its own unerring laws ;
 Gives the glad saint his final recompence,
 The sinner spares, perchance for penitence.
 What though the storm might rise, the clouds might
 lower,
 And muttering thunders mark the vesper hour ;

What though the little suppliant might be taught
 A form of faith, with numerous errors fraught;
 Yet He, whose eye is on the heart alone,
 The guileless homage of this child might own:
 And, 'mid the terrors of a stormy even,
 Call, with approving smile, her soul to heaven!

While simple Mary, innocently bold,
 With virtuous diligence her vespers told;
 Who knows how many, votaries of a creed
 Which teaches purer faith in word and deed,
 With hands uplifted, but with hearts unmov'd,
 Proffer'd their supplications unapprov'd?
 Nay, they might even, when the storm was o'er,
 Shortsightedly this damsel's fate deplore;
 And blindly deprecate *her* dreadful doom,
 Thus early crown'd with glorious martyrdom.
 Not so, sweet girl, would I, a nameless bard,
 Thy happy, holy destiny regard;
 To me thou seem'st like one, who, early fit
 For heaven, and heaven alone, wert call'd to it;
 By piety and purity prepar'd,
 And by thy sacred destiny declar'd
 In God's all-seeing and unerring eyes,
 A spotless Lamb, most meet for sacrifice;
 And, like Elijah's lot in olden time,
 I own thy end was sudden, but sublime;

The car of glory, and the steeds of fire,
 Bore from Elisha's view his sainted sire :
 And unto thee, by hallow'd fire from heaven,
 The boon of immortality was given !

The Epitaph which suggested the preceding, is as follows :

Here lies interred the Body of Mary Singleton,
 a young Maiden of this Parish, aged nine years,
 born of Roman Catholic Parents, and virtuously brought up ;
 who, being in the act of prayer, repeating her Vespers,
 was instantaneously killed by a flash of Lightning,
 August 16th, 1785.

TO

THE GALLIC EAGLE.

FAME's favourite minion !

The theme of her story ;
How quail'd is thy pinion,
How sullied its glory :

Where blood flow'd like water,
Exulting it bore thee !
Destruction and slaughter
Behind and before thee.

Where glory was blushing,
Thy flight was the fleetest ;
Where death's sleep was hushing,
Thy slumber was sweetest.

When broad-swords were clashing,
Thy cry was the loudest ;
When deep they were gashing,
Thy plume was the proudest.

But, triumph is over ;
No longer victorious,
No more shalt thou hover,
Destructively glorious !

Far from the battle's shock,
 Fate hath fast bound thee ;
 Chain'd to the rugged rock,
 Waves warring round thee.

Instead of the trumpet's sound,
 Sea-birds are shrieking ;
 Hoarse on thy rampart's bound,
 Billows are breaking.

The standards which led thee
 Are trampled and torn now ;
 The flatteries which fed thee,
 Are turn'd into scorn now.

For ensigns unfurling,
 Like sunbeams in brightness ;
 Are crested waves curling,
 Like snow-wreaths in whiteness.

No sycophants mock thee
 With dreams of dominion ;
 But rude tempests rock thee,
 And ruffle thy pinion.

Thy last flight is taken,
 Hope leaves thee for ever:
 And victory shall waken
 Thy proud spirit never !

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO SOME FRIENDS GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE.

SINCE Summer invites you to visit once more
 The haunts she most loves on the ocean's cool shore,
 Where billows are foaming, and breezes are free,
 Accept at our parting one farewell from me.

My fancy can picture the pleasures in view ;
 Because before now I have shar'd them with you :
 But unable this season to taste them again,
 I must feast on such pleasures as flow from my pen.

Let fancy then give me what fate has denied,
 And grant me at seasons to roam by your side ;
 Nor will I repine while remembrance can be
 Still blest with the moments I've spent by the sea.

The ramble at morning, when morning first wakes,
 And the sun through the haze like a beacon-fire breaks ;
 Illuming to sea-ward the billows' white foam,
 And tempting the loiterer ere breakfast to roam

The stroll after breakfast, when all are got out :
 The saunter, the lounge, and the looking about :
 The search after shells, and the eye glancing bright,
 If cornelian, or amber, should come in its sight.

Nor must I forget the last ramble at eve,
 When the splendours of day-light are taking their leave ;
 When the sun's setting beams, with a tremulous motion,
 Are reflected far off on the bosom of ocean.

This, this is the time, when I think I have found
 The deepest delight from the scenery round :
 There's a freshness in morning's enjoyments, but this
 Brings with it a feeling of tenderer bliss.

I remember an evening, though years are gone by,
 Since that evening was spent : to my heart and my eye
 It is present, by memory's magical power,
 And reflects back its light on this far distant hour.

'Twas an evening the loveliest that Summer had seen,
 The sky was unclouded, the ocean serene :
 The sun's setting beams so resplendently bright,
 On the billows were dancing like streamers of light.

So soothing the sounds were, which faintly I heard,
 They were sweeter than notes of the night-loving bird ;
 And so peaceful the prospect before me, it seem'd
 Like a scene of delight of which fancy had dream'd.

There's a soothing enjoyment the pen cannot paint ;
There are feelings which own that all language is faint ;
And such on that eve to my heart were made known,
As I mus'd by the murmuring billows alone.

But enough.—May your sea-side excursion fulfil
Every hope you have form'd, be those hopes what they
will ;
And may I, although absent, in fancy create
Those joys which on you in reality wait.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

(Obiit 1st Mo. 9th, 1820.)

We knew that the moment was drawing nigh,
 To fulfil every fearful token ;
 When the silver cord must loosen its tie,
 And the golden bowl be broken ;
 When the fountain's vase, and the cistern's wheel,
 Should alike to our trembling hearts appeal.

And now shall thy dust return to the earth,
 Thy spirit to God who gave it ;
 Yet affection shall tenderly cherish thy worth,
 And memory deeply engrave it,—
 Not upon tables of brass or stone,
 But in those fond bosoms where best 'twas known.

Thou shalt live in mine, though thy life be fled,
 For friendship thy name shall cherish ;
 And be one of the few, and the dearly-lov'd dead,
 Whom my heart will not suffer to perish :
 Who in loveliest dreams are before me brought,
 And in sweetest hours of waking thought.

But oh ! there is one, with tearful eye,
Whose fondest desires fail her ;
Who indeed is afraid of that which is high,
And fears by the way assail her ;
Whose anguish confesses that tears are vain,
Since dark are the clouds that return after rain !

May He, who alone can scatter each cloud,
Whose love all fear dispelleth ;
Who, though for a season his face he shroud,
In light and in glory dwelleth,
Break in on that mourner's soul, from above,
And bid her look upwards with holy love.

STANZAS

ON THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

ON this labour of love may a blessing attend ;
May the Shepherd of Israel his Salem befriend,
And hasten that period, by prophets foretold,
When the stragglers of Judah shall rest in his fold.

For surely the time is approaching, when He
Will set, in his love, the law's prisoners free ;
And send them to feed in the ways of his grace,
And find them a pasture in every high place.

Behold, they shall come from afar at his word,
Which alike in the north and the west shall be heard ;
His uplifted standard shall Sinim's land see,
And a light to the gentiles his people shall be.

Awaken, O Zion ! and put on thy strength,
And array thee in beautiful garments at length ;
Shake thyself from the dust, with the might of the strong,
And cast off the bands which have bound thee so long.

The sons of the strangers thy walls shall rebuild ;
 Thy gates shall be open, thy courts shall be fill'd :
 God once smote thee in anger, but now thou shalt see
 That He, in his favour, hath mercy on thee.

The Lord, in his glory, upon thee shall rise ;
 The gentiles shall come to thy light with surprise ;
 And their kings shall rejoice thy bright rising to greet,
 When God shall make glorious the place of his feet.

Then shall ye, poor wanderers ! no longer roam wide,
 For a greater than Moses your footsteps shall guide ;
 Not unto the mount, where the trumpet once sounded,
 With blackness, and darkness, and tempest surrounded ;

But unto Mount Sion, the city of God,
 The courts of whose temples by angels are trod ;
 To the church of the first-born, recorded above,
 And the spirits of just men, perfected by love.

And to Him, whose new priesthood shall ever endure
 More pow'rful than Aaron's, more holy, more pure ;
 Who needeth not daily oblations to make,
 Having offer'd up freely himself for your sake.

If the judgments of God on your fathers went forth,
 Who were deaf unto him that spake only on earth ;
 O refuse not the boon which would surely be given,
 Nor turn ye from Him who now speaketh from heaven !

THE IVY.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath ?
Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem ;
Oh dost thou not love to look on them ?

And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glist'ning waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling stream ?

And oh ! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee ?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood'st to gaze,
The touching lesson such scene displays ?

It should be thus, at an age like thine ;
 And it has been thus with me ;
 When the freshness of feeling and heart were mine,
 As they never more can be :
 Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,
 Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen in winter's stormiest day,
 The trunk of a blighted oak,
 Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
 Beneath time's resistless stroke,
 Round which a luxuriant Ivy had grown,
 And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own ?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
 As I, at thy years might do,
 Pass'd carelessly by, nor turned again
 That scathed wreck to view :
 But now I can draw from that mould'ring tree,
 Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not ! nor think it a worthless thing,
 If it be with instruction fraught ;
 That which will closest and longest cling,
 Is alone worth a serious thought !
 Should aught be unlovely which thus can shed
 Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead ?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
And his love be unforgot ;
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee !

VERSES

To the Memory of D. Burgess,

A CHILD OF SUPERIOR ENDOWMENTS AND EXTRAORDINARY PIETY.

It is not length of years which lends
 The brightest loveliness to those
 Whose memory with our being blends,
 Whose worth within our bosom glows.

The age we honour standeth not
 In locks of snow, or length of days ;
 But in a life which knows no spot,
 A heart which heavenly wisdom sways.

For wisdom, which is taught by truth,
 Unlike mere worldly knowledge, finds
 Its full maturity in youth,
 Its image e'en in infant minds.

Thus was this child made early wise,
 Wise as those sages, who, from far,
 Beheld, in Bethlehem's cloudless skies,
 The Christian church's gathering star.

What more could wisdom do for them,
 Than guide them in the path they trod?
 And the same star of Bethlehem
 Hath led his spirit home to God!

Well may his memory be dear,
 Whose loss is still its sole alloy,
 Whose happy lot dries every tear
 With holy hopes and humble joy.

“ The brightest star of morning’s host,”
 Is that which shines in twilight skies ;
 “ Scarce risen, in brighter beams ’tis lost,”
 And vanishes from mortal eyes.

Its loss inspires a brief regret ;
 Its loveliness is ne’er forgot ;
 We know full well ’tis shining yet,
 Although we may behold it not.

And thus the spirit which is gone,
 Is but absorb’d in glory’s blaze ;
 In beaming brightness burning on,
 Though lost unto our finite gaze.

There are, who watch’d it to the last ;
 There are, who can forget it never ;
 May these, when death’s dark shade is past,
 Partake with joy its light for ever !

STANZAS

TO

HELEN M—— M——.

BELIEVE not that absence can banish
 The memory of moments gone by ;
 Could I deem they so lightly would vanish,
 I should think on the past with a sigh.
 But thy image was never intended
 The source of one sorrow to be ;
 For pleasure and hope are both blended
 In each thought which arises of thee.

'Tis not love,—as that passion is painted,
 Its revival I never shall prove :
 For, long ere we two were acquainted,
 I had ceas'd e'en to think about love.
 The attachment I feel is another,
 'Tis passion from penitence free ;
 And had I to choose as a brother,
 I would look for a sister in thee.

Thou need'st not, dear Helen, to doubt me,
 When I fondly and frankly confess,
 That thought in this bosom about thee
 Is busier than words can express.
 And when such ideas are springing,
 They touch such a tone and a key ;
 If my hand on my harp I am flinging,
 Its strings must be vocal to thee.

When the sun, in his rising from ocean,
 Foretels a bright day by his dawn ;
 With eager and joyful emotion
 We exult in the beauties of morn.
 Such thine: be thy noontide the same too,
 And may age, from infirmity free,
 Calm, peaceful, as earth can lay claim to,
 In life's close, be still lovely in thee.

O grant that the picture thus painted,
 The world may not wantonly mar!
 Keep thy soul in its whiteness untainted,
 And may innocence still be its star.
 Then, whatever the station assign'd thee,
 Though distant that station may be,
 The remembrance of friends left behind thee
 Shall dwell with delight upon thee.

For affection bids distance defiance,
 Its ardour no absence can change ;
 And the links of its holy alliance
 Can reach through creation's vast range.
 Those links have so lovingly bound us,
 That, when thou art far over sea,
 Thy image shall hover around us,
 And tenderly whisper of thee.

FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

THERE is a pleasure, now and then, in giving
Full scope to Fancy and Imagination ;
And, for a time, to seem as we were living
In fearless, incorporeal exultation,
Amid sweet scenes of the mind's own creation.
Why should we not? We surely need not deem
That man forgets the duties of his station,
Because he cherishes the lovely gleam
Thrown on life's thorny path by fancy's brilliant beam.

No gift of God was given without its end ;
And had it not been right that we should see,
As through this world's bleak wilderness we wend,
Beyond the reach of dull reality,
Imagination, fearless, fond, and free,
Had not been given us. It has—and why ?
But to enable us at times to be
Partakers of those raptures pure and high,
Unearthly visions bring before our mental eye.

The danger of such dear delights is this :

'Tis sweet to soar, but dreary to descend ;
 To exchange for real bale, ideal bliss,
 And see the beauteous forms which round us blend
 In airy loveliness, no more befriend
 The heart they lighten'd, vanishing afar !
 True, it is painful ! but think we to mend
 Our mortal destiny, or rather mar,
 By quenching in our minds each brightest, loveliest star ?

The Patriarch, who laid him down to rest,
 And saw in holy visions of the night,
 'Mid opening clouds the angelic host confest,
 Ascending and descending in his sight,
 Those golden steps so glitteringly bright,
 Which led from earth to heaven—from heaven to
 earth ;

Did he, repining at the morning light,
 Arraign the Power which gave those phantoms birth ?
 No ! with adoring heart he humbly own'd their worth.

Oh, hallow'd Fancy ! sweet Imagination !
 Although your blessings unto me have been
 Not pure and unalloy'd ; my admiration,
 My love of you, is not the less, I ween.
 Still gild at intervals life's clouded scene ;
 And though your lofty glories brightly breaking
 On my mind's eye, be "few and far between,"
 May I, in dreams at least, your powers partaking,
 Woo your sublime delights, and bless you on my waking.

PLAYFORD,
A DESCRIPTIVE FRAGMENT.—1817.

HAST thou a heart to prove the power
Of a landscape lovely, soft, and serene?
Go, when its fragrance hath left the flower,
When the leaf is no longer glossy and green;
When the clouds are careering across the sky,
And the rising winds tell the tempest nigh,
Though the slanting sunbeams are lingering still,
On the tower's grey top, and the side of the hill:
Then go to the village of Playford, and see
If it be not a lovely spot;
And, if nature can boast of charms for thee,
Thou wilt love it, and leave it not,
Till the shower shall warn thee no longer to roam,
And then thou wilt carry its picture home,
To feed thy fancy when far away,
A source of delight for a future day.
Its sloping green is verdant and fair,
And between its tufts of trees
Are white cottages, peeping here and there,
The pilgrim's eye to please:

A white farm-house may be seen on its brow,
 And its grey old hall in the valley below,
 By a moat encircled round ;
 And from the left verge of its hill you may hear,
 If you chance on a sabbath to wander near,
 A sabbath-breathing sound :
 'Tis the sound of the bell which is slowly ringing
 In that tower, which lifts its turrets above
 The wood-fring'd bank, where birds are singing,
 And from spray to spray are fearlessly springing,
 As if in a lonely and untrodden grove ;
 For the grey church-tower is far over-head ;
 And so deep is the winding lane below,
 They hear not the sound of the traveller's tread,
 If a traveller there should chance to go :—
 But few pass there, for most who come,
 At the bell's last summons have left their home,
 That bell which is tolling so slow.
 And grassy and green may the path be seen
 To the village church that leads ;
 For its glossy hue is as verdant to view
 As you see it in lowly meads.
 And he who the ascending pathway scales,
 By the gate above, and the mossy pales,
 Will find the trunk of a leafless tree,
 All bleak, and barren, and bare ;
 Yet it keeps its station, and seems to be
 Like a silent monitor there :

Though wasted and worn it smiles in the ray
Of the bright warm sun, on a sunny day ;

And more than once I have seen
The moonbeams sleep on its barkless trunk,
As calmly and softly as ever they sunk

On its leaves, when its leaves were green :
And it seem'd to rejoice in their light the while,
Reminding my heart of the patient smile
Resignation can wear in the hour of grief,
When it finds in religion a source of relief,
And stript of delights which earth had given,
Still shines in the beauty it borrows from heaven !

But the bell hath ceas'd to ring ;
And the birds no longer sing ;
And the grasshopper's carol is heard no more ;
Yet sounds of praise and prayer
The wandering breezes bear,
Like the murmur of waves on the ocean shore.
All else is still ! but silence can be

More eloquent far than speech ;
And the valley below, and that tower and tree,
Through the eye to the heart can reach.
Could the sage's creed, the historian's tale,
Utter language like that of yon silent vale ?
As it basks in the beams of the sabbath-day,
And rejoices in nature's reviving ray ;
While its peaceful meadows, and autumn-ting'd trees,
Seem enjoying the sun, and inhaling the breeze.

And hath not that church a lovely look
 In the page of this landscape's open book ?
 Like a capital letter which catches the eye
 Of the reader, and says a new chapter is nigh ;
 So its tower, by which the horizon is broken,
 Of prayer and of praise, a beautiful token,
 Lifts up its head, and silently tells
 Of a world hereafter, where happiness dwells.
 While that scathed tree seems a link between
 The dead and the living !—'Tis barren and bare,
 But the grass below it is fresh and green,
 Though its roots can find no moisture there :
 Yet still on its birth-place it loves to linger,
 And evermore points with its silent finger
 To the clouds, and the sun, and the sky so fair.

* * * * *

VERSES

TO SOME FRIENDS RETURNING FROM THE SEA-SIDE.

FORGET not the moments
I've wander'd with you,
When nature was glorious,
And beautiful too.

When the dash of the billow
That broke on the beach,
Made loftier music
Than science can reach.

When the clouds, sailing over
The bright azure sky,
Look'd like structures of glory
That proudly pass'd by.

When the breeze sweeping near us
Seem'd life to impart,
And each glowing sun-beam
Shone into the heart.

O think of those moments,
When home you return !
And your social fire blazing
Before you shall burn.

While you, sitting by it,
With many a smile,
And sisterly converse,
The hours shall beguile.

Should fancy then wander,
As wander it will,
May it come back and tell you
I think of you still.

Should you, when 'tis star-light,
Look out on the sky,
And Jupiter's glory
Flash full on your eye ;—

Will you then remember
How brightly he shone
In your lone sea-side parlour,
When day-light was gone ?

And we sat and watch'd him,
As sun-like he beam'd ;
While far, far beneath him
The beacon-fire gleam'd.

Or, when nights are stormy,
And winter-winds high,
When the war of the elements
Sweeps through the sky ;—

Should it rouse you from slumber,
May memory awake ;
And the sounds that disturb you
Be sweet for its sake.

Let their music remind you
How awfully grand
Was that of the wild waves
On ocean's far strand !

Be the tone of the tempest
Like that of the sea ;
In its pauses of silence
Give one thought to me !

Then turn on the pillow,
And sleep until dawn ;
And be health, peace, and happiness,
Yours on the morn.

TO THE MOON.

ALL hail to thee ! radiant ruler of night !
Shedding round thee thy soft and thy silvery light ;
Now touching the hill-tops, now threading the vale,
Oh ! who can behold thee, nor bid thee all hail ?

The monarch of day more majestic may be,
When he rises in pomp on the verge of the sea ;
When, the clouds that have 'curtain'd him slowly
undrawn,
His magnificence scatters the mists of the morn.

His glory at noon may be greater than thine ;
More splendid and glowing his evening decline,
When the hues of the rainbow illumine the west,
And millions of happy birds sing him to rest.

But not in his rise, in his zenith, nor even
When his parting effulgence irradiates half heaven :
Though grand and majestic his glory be shown,
Does he shine with a loveliness sweet as thy own.

The pleasures, the cares, and the business of life
 Are ever with calm contemplation at strife ;
 And, absorb'd in our selfish pursuits, we forget
 The sun and his glories, till after his set.

But THOU comest forth when the stir is subsiding,
 Like an angel of light through the clear heavens gliding ;
 As if to remind us, ere sinking to rest,
 Of worlds more delightful, of beings more blest.

Through the path which thy Maker has trac'd thee on
 high,
 Thou walkest, in silence, across the vast sky ;
 Suns and worlds scatter'd round thee, though brilliant
 they be,
 Appear but like humble attendants on thee.

All silent thyself ! yet that stillness appears
 The signal for music, as sweet as the tears
 That the dews of the night o'er the landscape distil,
 Which, seen by thy bright beams, are lovelier still...

For the softest of sounds shed their harmony round,
 More musical far in a calm so profound ;
 The murmur of brooks, and the nightingale's song,
 And the sigh of the breeze, sweeping gently along :

These alone form thy orchestra ; yet in the hour
 Of thy pensive dominion, and heart-touching power,
 Their exquisite magic seems fraught with a tone,
 To the music of gaudier day-light unknown.

Roll on then, thou radiant ruler of night !
 Exult in thy empire, rejoice in thy light ;
 Over mountain and valley, o'er ocean and isle,
 Pour down thy soft splendour, and lavish thy smile.

For *thy* splendour, undazzling, and touchingly sweet,
 Is one that e'en sorrow serenely can greet ;
 And thy smile, glist'ning bright on each dew-drop
 appears
 Bringing hope from on high, forming rainbows in tears.

RECOLLECTIONS.*

ALL round was still and calm ; the noon of night
 Was fast approaching : ' up the unclouded sky
 The glorious moon pursued her path of light,
 And shed her silvery splendour far and nigh !
 No sound, save of the night-wind's gentlest sigh,
 Could reach the ear ; and that so softly blew,
 It scarcely stirr'd, in sweeping lightly by,
 The acacia's airy foliage ; faintly too ,
 It kiss'd the jasmine's stars which just below me grew.

Before me, scatter'd here and there, were trees
 Whose massy outline of reposing shade,
 Unbroken by that faint and fitful breeze,
 With the clear sky a lovely contrast made :
 'Twas Nature, in her chastest charms array'd !
 How could I then abruptly leave such scene ?
 I could not : for the beauties it display'd
 To me were dearer than the dazzling sheen
 Of noon's effulgent hour, or morning's sparkling mien.

* These verses were first suggested by, and indeed partly composed during, a long meditated visit at a friend's house. Those referred to in it, the writer had once hoped to meet there.

Awhile in silent reverie I stood,
 Pensively gazing on the objects round ;
 And soon my mind, in contemplative mood,
 Abundant theme for meditation found ;
 And far beyond the shadowy visible bound
 Of my eye's glance did eager fancy fly ;
 Nor even Virtue on her flight then frown'd,
 But mark'd her progress with approving eye,
 For heav'n-ward was her course, her visions pure and high.

They err, who calculate Time's silent pace
 By the mere lapse of minutes, or of hours ;
 Not even thought his printless step can trace,
 Which hastens onward, over thorns and flowers,
 Nor cares for sun that shines, or storm that lowers.
 'Twere wiser far in us to count his flight
 By the improvement of our mental powers,
 And by the store of suffering, or delight,
 Which cheers Life's fleeting day, or clouds Death's
 coming night.

Oh, there are hours ! aye moments, that contain
 Feelings, that years may pass and never bring ;
 Which, whether fraught with pleasure or with pain,
 Can never be forgot : as if the wing
 Of time, while passing o'er, had power to fling
 A dark'ning shade, or tint of happier hue,
 To which fond memory faithfully should cling
 In after life : I felt, and own'd it true,
 While I stood still, and look'd upon that moonlight view.

I thought of some, who once beheld, like me,
 The peaceful prospect then before me spread ;
 And its still loveliness appear'd to be
 One of those visions morning slumbers shed
 Upon the pensive mourner's pillow'd head :
 Its beauties, less distinct, but far more dear,
 Seem'd to invoke the *absent*, and the *dead* !
 And by some spell to bring the former near,
 Although it could not call the latter from their sphere.

Nor did I wish it.—No, dear MARY ! no :
 How could I ever wish thou shouldst resign,
 For any bliss this being can bestow,
 Pleasures eternal, deathless, and divine ?
 Yet, when I saw the pale moon coldly shine
 On the same paths and turf which thou hadst trod,
 Forgive my vain regret !—Yet, why repine ?
 Its beams sleep sweetly on thy peaceful sod,
 And thou thyself hast sought thy FATHER, and thy
 God !

For thou wert number'd with the " PURE IN HEART,
 Whom CHRIST pronounced blessed ! and to thee,
 When thou wast summon'd from this world to part,
 We well may hope the promis'd boon would be
 Vouchsaf'd in mercy,—that thy soul should see
 HIM, whom the angelic hosts of heaven adore ;
 And from each frailty of our nature free,
 Which clogg'd that gentle spirit heretofore,
 Exulting, sing HIS praise, who lives for evermore !

Farewell ! thou lov'd and gentle one, farewell !

Thou hast not liv'd in vain, or died for nought !

Oft of thy worth survivors' tongues shall tell,

And thy long-cherish'd memory shall be fraught

With many a theme of fond and tender thought,

That shall preserve it sacred. What could years,

Or silver'd locks, of added good have brought

Unto a name like thine ? Even the tears

Thy early death has caus'd, thy early worth endears !

Mix'd with thy memory, in that moonlight scene,

Came thoughts of one still living here below,

Who had thy *sister-like companion* been,

When first I met you both, long, long ago ;

And all the pleasure which I us'd to know

In your society, to my mind's eye

Reviv'd again, ting'd with a brighter glow

Of feeling than it wore in days gone by ; [die.

Like some delightful dream, whose influence could not

I turn'd me to past hours, remember'd yet,

When we together walk'd the ocean shore ;

What time the sun in hues of glory set,

What time the waves obey'd the winds no more,

And music broke, where thunder burst before :

I thought of moments when we turn'd the page

Of Scotia's Shepherd Bard, and linger'd o'er

His simple pictures of an earlier age,

KILMENY'S * heav'nly trance, THE ABBOT'S pilgrimage.

* Vide "The Queen's Wake," a Poem by the Ettrick Shepherd.

These Recollections still have charms for me,
 And for their sake, my lovely friend, wilt thou
 Pardon me, if thine eye this page should see,
 The expression of my feelings then, and now :
 So may the breeze which fans thy SISTER'S brow
 Bear healing on its wings ! and when for home
 Once more your bark shall ocean's surface plough,
 May your bright eyes, around you as they roam,
 Tell that your hearts are light as ocean's feathery foam.

Thou too, young BRIDE ! thine image pass'd me by,
 While looking on a spot to thee so dear,
 It scarcely could be left without a sigh,
 Though Love had conquer'd vain, foreboding fear :
 I thought of thee ; and hope, and faith were near,
 And whisper'd tidings of thy future fate ;
 They told me too, that feelings cherish'd *here*,
 Should on life's after progress love to wait,
 And gild with happiest hues thy hymeneal state.

Then, shouldst thou cast a retrospective glance
 On thy late home, may its lov'd memory seem
 Thy present pleasures only to enhance,
 By flinging from the past a vivid gleam
 Of brightness, like some well-remember'd dream,
 Which charms us when we wake to sober bliss :
 Still be life's earliest ties a tender theme,
 Dear to affection ; and thou shalt not miss,
 In any earthly home, enjoyment found in this.

But why pursue to Memory's utmost scope
 Her "Recollections?" Here then let them end.
 Peace to the *dead*! And oh! may blissful hope
 Wait on the image of each *absent* friend;
 That so with our adieus may sweetly blend
 The pleasing prospect of a future day,
 When the last parting shall but seem to lend
 To our re-union a still brighter ray,
 Like the sun's new-born beams, when night has past
 away.

Frail is that friendship, that affection cold,
 Whose transient influence is limited
 To the brief hour in which we can behold
 Their faces whom we love; and then is fled!
 The sweetest drops which Providence hath shed
 Into my cup of life, have ever flown
 From the remembrance of the moments sped
 With those whom I hold dear: and joys then known
 On *solitary* hours their *social* light have thrown.

And therefore are they, in my inmost heart,
 As the deep waters of a hidden well;
 Whose living freshness have a power to impart
 Far more than e'en the poet's page can tell
 Of pure enjoyment inexhaustible,
 Valued beyond old ocean's rarest gem;
 Nor, while I feel my grateful bosom swell
 With feelings they confer, can I condemn
 Myself, for having thus in song recorded them!

STANZAS

TO AN AFFECTIONATE AND PIOUS PARENT, ON THE
DEATH OF HER CHILD.

WHEN good old Jacob mourn'd his child,
How bitter were the tears he shed !
With garments rent, in anguish wild,
He sorrow'd for his Joseph dead.
He mourn'd his hopes for ever fled,
And said that, even to his tomb,
Grief should bow down his aged head
For Joseph's melancholy doom.

But hark ! what sounds salute my ear ?
Sorrow inspires the artless lay ;
A pious parent's frequent tear
Laments her Joseph snatch'd away.
But, though to deepest grief a prey,
She humbly strives to kiss the rod ;
She owns the debt that all must pay,
Nor doubts the justice of her God.

But let us not too harshly blame

The good old patriarch's anguish sore ;
Well might his much-lov'd Joseph claim

A father's sorrow when no more :
Nor can the proud, the boasted lore
Of this refin'd, enlighten'd age,
A mother's lost delights restore,
A mother's natural grief assuage.

What makes the difference ? Grace alone ;

'Tis grace divine, with cheering ray,
Hath made a brighter prospect known—
Hath usher'd in a happier day.
The patriarch trod his weary way,
No gospel sun had dawn'd on him ;
'Twas his at twilight's hour to stray,
When truth's clear lamp shone pale and dim.

Yet even then the still small voice,

Assuming a prophetic tone,
Oft bade his trembling heart rejoice
In scenes unveil'd to faith alone,
By faith's pure influence made his own ;
With humble gratitude inspir'd,
He blest the glorious light that shone
On Judah, and in hope expir'd.

The patriarch's hope, the prophet's theme,
 The pious Christian's heart-felt joy
 At length is come ; its matchless scheme
 Hath been proclaim'd from heaven on high :
 Light, life, and immortality
 Now shine reveal'd ; beyond the tomb
 The Christian's vision can descry
 A blissful rest, a tranquil home.

And wilt thou, Christian ! then lament
 (Like him whose every hope is fled,)
 When life's short feverish day is spent,
 Those whom it numbers with the dead ?
 No, rather lift thy weary head,
 Raise from the dust thy tearful eye,
 When nature's pious drops are shed,
 Let faith her cordial cup apply.

For thee, who pour'st thy plaintive strain,
 Lament no more thy Joseph's flight
 From scenes of sorrow, sin, and pain,
 To realms of endless, pure delight.
 At times shall burst upon thy sight
 A seraph form, thy griefs to calm,
 Scattering, from pinions dazzling bright,
 Kind drops of Gilead's healing balm.

Hovering unseen thy steps around
 Its soothing voice shall greet thine ear ;
 Shall tell what blessings still abound,
 And gently chide the falling tear.
 A husband's sympathy sincere
 In grief's dark hour some stay may prove ;
 One hopeful pledge is left to cheer
 Thy closing days with filial love.

Thine too that gentle soothing aid
 Which friendship yields the wounded heart :
 Does pining grief thy breast invade ?
 Let willing friendship bear her part.
 Do pensive tears unbidden start,
 As memory brings the past to view ?
 Let faithful friendship's blameless art
 Share every pang, and heal it too.

But friendship soon or late must prove,
 On earth at least, a fleeting dream ;
 Both conjugal and filial love
 May shed a bright but transient beam.
 When these decay, and life would seem
 A barren waste, a gloomy void ;
 Then, what a source of bliss supreme
 Is found in talents well employ'd.

Thine is that bliss : then oh ! what cause
For heart-felt gratitude is thine ;
In death's dread hour the heart's applause
Can yield a pleasure half divine.
If at that hour unclouded shine
That path which all the just have trod,
The soul with rapture shall resign
Its hopes and fears, and fly to God.

"THE HEAVEN WAS CLOUDLESS."

THE heaven was cloudless, the ocean was calm,
For the breeze which blew o'er it scarce ruffled its
breast ;
Not a sight, not a sound, that might waken alarm,
Could the eye or the ear of the wanderer molest.

As I roam'd on the beach, to my memory rose
The bliss I had tasted in moments gone by ;
When my soul could rejoice in a scene of repose;
And my spirit exult in an unclouded sky.

I thought of the past ; and while thinking, **THY NAME**
Came uncall'd to my lips, but no language it found ;
Yet my heart felt how dear, and how hallow'd its claim
I *could* think, though my tongue dar'd not utter a
sound.

I did not forget how with *THEE* I had paced
 On the shore I now trod, and how pleasant it seem'd ;
 How my eye then sought thine, and how gladly it
 traced
 Every glance of affection which mildly it beam'd.

The *beginning* and *end* of our loves were before me ;
 And beth touch'd a chord of the tenderest tone ;
 For thy *SPIRIT*, then near, shed its influence o'er me,
 And told me that still *THOU* wert truly my own.

Yes, I thought at the moment, (how dear was the
 thought !)
 That there still was a union which death could not
 break ;
 And if with some sorrow the feeling was fraught,
 Yet even that sorrow was sweet for *thy* sake.

Thus musing on thee, every object around
 Seem'd to borrow thy sweetness to make itself
 dear ;
 Each murmuring wave reach'd the shore with a sound
 As soft as the tone of *thy* voice to my ear.

The lights and the shades on the surface of ocean,
 Seem'd to give back the glimpses of feeling and grace,
 Which once so expressively told each emotion
 Of thy innocent heart, as I gaz'd on thy face.

And, when I look'd up to the beautiful sky,
 So cloudless and calm ; oh ! it harmoniz'd well
 With the gentle expression which spoke in that eye,
 Ere the curtain of death on its loveliness fell !

How proud is the prize which thy virtues have won,
 When their *memory* alone is so precious to me,
 That this world cannot give, what my soul would not
 shun,
 If it tore from my breast the remembrance of THEE !

VERSES

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

IF, long ere this, no lay of mine
Has been to thee devoted ;
'Tis not because such worth as thine
Has idly pass'd un-noted.

To charms more transient, tribute due
Has oft been idly chaunted ;
And auburn locks, or eyes of blue,
Have gain'd what folly wanted !

To beauty's song and beauty's smile
My Muse has homage render'd,
And unto many a trifling wile
Some trifling meed has tender'd.

In praising such, my short-liv'd song
Did all that I desir'd it :
It liv'd, perchance, about as long
As that which first inspir'd it.

Not such, my friend, the song for thee :
Did I that lyre inherit,
Which Cowper woke, its strings should be
Responsive to thy merit.

Still, such a wreath as I can twine,
 Thy virtues well have won thee ;
 Could I an apter one assign,
 I'd gladly place it on thee.

Thou art not one whose path has been
 Strew'd but with summer roses ;
 With sky above of blue serene,
 Which never storm discloses.

Who tread *such* paths, with graceful glee,
 May cull what clusters round them :
 And, fading, may to memory be
 Just like the flowers that crown'd them.

But, in the bloom of youth to tread
 As through a desert dreary ;
 With much to harass heart and head,
 And many a care to weary ;

With much to jar each mood of joy,
 With much to tease and try thee,
 With many a duty to employ
 Each hour that passes by thee ;

So circumstanc'd, to cultivate
 Each flower that leisure graces ;
 And thus to find, in spite of fate,
 Sweet spots in desert places :

To do all this, yet still to be,
 In social life, a woman,
 From half thy sex's follies free,
 Is merit far from common.

Nor think this flattery ! I've been taught
 One maxim worth receiving,
 Which every passing day has brought
 Fresh motive for believing :

That flattery no excuse can find !
 'Tis loath'd as soon as tasted,
 When offer'd to a well-taught mind ;
 And on a fool 'tis wasted !

A POSTSCRIPT.

Such was the strain which, years ago,
 My Muse of thee recorded :
 Those years have but conspir'd to show
 How justly 'twas awarded.

Some plaudits which thy sex have gain'd,
 In time have prov'd unfounded ;
 But well hast thou the hopes maintain'd
 On which my own were grounded.

STANZAS,

COMPOSED WHILE WALKING ON THE WARREN HILL*
EARLY ON A SUMMER'S MORNING.

LONELY and low is thy dwelling-place now,
On which the bright sunbeams are dawning ;
But oh ! I remember the moments when thou
Wast as blythe as the breeze of the morning.

Silent and sad is the place of thy rest,
Where thou sleep'st the last slumber decreed thee ;
But well I remember, when warm was that breast,
How few in gay mirth could exceed thee.

* The Warren Hill is an eminence near Woodbridge, commanding a view of the river Deben and part of the town of Woodbridge. It is perhaps one of the pleasantest walks in the vicinity : just below it is the Barrack burial-ground, in which a solitary tomb-stone is erected to the memory of W. H. Finnie, Esq. several years Barrack-Master of the Garrison at that place : a man no less respected for the uprightness of his character than beloved for his social qualifications.

Yet, rest in thy mansion ! sleep quietly on :

There was nought in that mirth which should cost thee,
Or those who best knew thee, one sigh now thou'rt gone ;
Were it not that too early we lost thee.

Thine was not the laughter which leaves us more sad ;
Unnatural, unheeded, unglowing ;
'Twas a gush of enjoyment, which seem'd to be glad
To get loose from a heart overflowing.

But 'tis not the memory of moments of mirth,
Which thy claim to remembrance now gives thee ;
Their light is obscur'd by the grave ! but thy *worth*,
In spite of the grave, still outlives thee.

Thy sterling integrity, candour, and sense,
Thy benevolence, frank and warm-hearted,
Which sham'd the professions of empty pretence :
These live, though thy life has departed.

And long shall they lend to thy lonely tomb,
A glory like that the sun grants us ;
When the clouds he hath set in have lost all their gloom,
And a beautiful twilight enchants us.

8th March, 1817.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Like one who, fruitlessly perchance,
Engraves his name upon a tree,
In hopes to win a casual glance,
And woo remembrance still, when he
A distant wanderer may be :
Thus have I claim'd a page of thine :
Be it but reckon'd worthy thee,
And I shall proudly own it mine.

1st Mo. 5th, 1818.

THE ADIEU,
TO A FRIEND LEAVING SUFFOLK.

FAREWELL! and oh! if aught of grief
Shall mingle with thy last adieu,
May it at least afford relief,
That those thou leav'st partake it too.

Though weeks have pass'd uncounted by,
Thy presence has not taught us yet
To feel, with thee, satiety;
Or part with thee, without regret.

Is it not meet it thus should be,
That light and shade should mingle thus;
When we must lose a friend like thee,
And thou, awhile, must part from us?

Yes, surely.—Nor could friendship ask
A stronger test, her power to tell,
Than, that it should be felt a task,
A painful one, to say farewell!

Yet not a painful one *alone* ;
For our regrets a pledge shall give,
That days and hours, too swiftly flown,
In cherish'd memory long shall live.

Then let our parting hour befit
The happy ones that we have spent ;
Though grave, let grief not darken it
With aught like thankless discontent.

'Tis something to have shar'd so much
Of joy, that FRIENDS alone can know :
'Tis more to feel we part as such,
Aye ! render'd more than ever so.

But oh ! it is more soothing still,
To feel a fond hope, when we sever,
Absence can not affection chill,
And we may meet more dear than ever.

THE
MOTHER'S LAMENT.

PALE and cold is the cheek that my kisses oft press'd,
And quench'd is the beam of that bright-sparkling
eye:

For the soul, which its innocent glances confess'd,
Has flown to its God and its Father on high.

No more shall the accents, whose tones were more dear
Than the sweetest of sounds even music can make,
In notes full of tenderness fall on my ear ;
If I catch them in dreams, all is still when I wake !

No more the gay smiles that those features display'd,
Shall transiently waken their own mirth in mine :
Yet, though these, and much more, be now cover'd in
shade,
I must not, I cannot, and dare not repine.

However enchantingly flattering and fair,
Were the hopes, that for thee, I had ventur'd to build,
Can a frail, finite mortal presume to declare
That the future those hopes would have ever fulfill'd ?

In the world thou hast left, there is much to allure
 The most innocent spirit from virtue and peace,
 Hadst thou liv'd, would thy own have been equally
 pure,
 And guileless, and happy, in age's increase?

Temptation, or sooner, or later, had found thee :
 Perhaps had seduc'd thee from pathways of light :
 Till the dark clouds of vice, gath'ring gloomily round
 thee,
 Had enwrapt thee for ever in horror and night.

But *now*, in the loveliest bloom of the soul,
 While thy heart yet was pangless, and true, and un-
 stain'd :
 Ere the world one vain wish by its witcheries stole,
 What it could not confer, thou for ever hast gain'd !

Like a dew drop, kiss'd off by the sun's morning beam,
 A brief, but a beauteous existence was given ;
 Thy soul seem'd to come down to earth, in a dream,
 And only to wake, when ascended to heaven !

STANZAS

ON THE

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

FAREWELL to the hopes which the nation has cherish'd !
 To the visions of glory, now vanish'd in gloom :
 To the prospects that dawn'd, and for ever have perish'd !
 To the feelings we foster'd, now chill'd in their bloom !

The oak of our fathers, which once flourish'd proudly,
 And struck deep its roots, and its branches spread
 wide :
 Which listen'd unmov'd, when the tempest roar'd loudly,
 No longer exults in its prosperous pride.

Its stem, struck by lightning, has long since been
 shiver'd ;

All its earliest boughs of their beauty been shorn ;
 And fate's stern decree has to death now deliver'd
 The last sapling shoot which wav'd bright in the morn !

Not with lingering decline, or by gentle gradation,
 Did its loveliness wither—its leaves drop away ;
 At sunset it seem'd all secure in its station,
 And was torn from its stem ere the dawning of day !

But adieu to such images !—Ours is a sorrow,
 Which can find in no image of fiction relief ;
 And the depth of its anguish forbids us to borrow
 From the bard's brightest fancies a balm for our grief.

No! CHARLOTTE, we need not *be taught* to deplore thee
 By the poet's warm page, or the orator's arts ;
 For the high hopes of thousands, who now sorrow o'er
 thee,
 Had long turn'd to THEE in their innermost hearts.

There are those who, at seasons, with fond expectation,
 To the future look'd forward ; and fancied, in thee
 Might yet be fulfill'd every wish of a nation,
 Both generous and faithful, both loyal and free.

And well does each bosom's high-throbbing emotion
 Refute the base cant of the sycophant slave,
 Who would brand, as deficient in loyal devotion,
 An empire which mourns o'er thy premature grave.

But it is not as Britons and patriots only
 That we publicly grieve : other feelings must glow
 In the hearts of the lovely, the lov'd and the lonely ;
 And thoughts the most tender our nature can know.

Oh ! many a mother, but yesterday folding
 Her lov'd infant close to her bosom with joy,
 Believ'd with delight, her own cherub beholding,
 That such would, ere long, be thy blissful employ.

But *now* ! while the drops in her gentle eye glisten;
 From the babe on her breast, for one moment forgot,
 She looks silently up, with reluctance to listen
 To the faltering tongue which relates thy sad lot.

Farewell ! and when History, telling thy story
 To Britons unborn, shall thy destiny speak,
 They may turn from the record of grandeur and glory,
 With a sigh in each heart, and a tear on each cheek.

And those of this age, while on earth they outlive thee,
 Shall, deeply regretting thy too early doom,
 With feelings of anguish that pure homage give thee
 Which retires from the THRONE, to repose on the
 TOMB !

SLEEP.

WHAT is it that stills the sigh of sorrow,
And forbids her tears to flow?—
That allows the desolate-hearted to borrow
A transient relief from woe?
It is thou, sweet Sleep! O then listen to me!
Be it but in thy dreams, while I sing of thee.

Could I embody the thoughts which now
Pass my soul's living tablet over,
No being more lovely and fair than thou,
Before mortal eye could hover:
Not deathly and pale, like a spectre stealing
On the slumb'rer, whose eyes thy power is sealing;—

But a form full of beauty, of joy, and grace,
And features with kindness bright,
Such as a Raphael would love to trace;
A creature of glory and light.
With a silvery cloud, to chasten each hue
Too radiant else, should arise to view.

With angel eye, and a brow that never
 Had been other than meekly calm ;
 And lips which a soft smile seems to sever,
 Such as shed round a soothing charm ;
 With a step more light than Zephyr's sigh,
 Would I paint thee, in loveliness passing by.

Such could I fancy thee, roving far
 Beneath the pale moon's glistening beam ;
 Or the fainter light of heaven's fairest star,
 Attended by many a shadowy dream :
 Those purer visions, in mercy given
 To slumbering souls, when they dream of heaven !

By an infant's couch I behold thee sit,
 Its widow'd parent's earthly treasure ;
 And over its features, like sunshine, sit
 Bright gleams of half-unconscious pleasure :
 Smiles of a spirit that knows no fears,
 Such as belong not to after years.

And then to its parent, disconsolate-hearted
 But for that cherub, thou turn'st ; and lo !
 The undried tear, which perhaps had started
 Before those eye-lids could slumber know,
 Like a dew-drop at morn is exhal'd, in the union
 Of souls, still mingling in blest communion.

And last, to the bed of some dying saint,

I can fancy thee gliding with noiseless foot,
Who, worn out with anguish, and ready to faint,

Ere thou drew'st nigh, was patiently mute :
Thou comest ; and straight on his closing lids
Falls a spell, that protracted pain forbids.

As soon as his eyes soft slumbers seal,

He forgets all the anguish he felt before :
And the glory his faded features reveal

Tells whither his thoughts exulting soar :
He seems to have cast off his mortal array,
“ And walks in the light of a sunless day.”

Must he awake upon earth, to prove

The vision but cheated ? O ! rather say,
That He, who is goodness, compassion, and love,

Permits him in slumber to pass away ;
And all in that dream he could feel or see,
Is his through a blissful eternity !

STANZAS

TO

WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

WHEN first, like a child building houses with cards,
I mimick'd the labours of loftier bards ;
Though the fabrics I built felt each breath that came
near,
Thy smiles taught me hope, and thy praise banish'd
fear.

Thou didst not reprove with an Aristarch's pride :
Or unfeelingly chill, or uncandidly chide ;
It was not in thy nature with scorn to regard
The fresh-breathing hopes of an untutor'd bard.

Thou knew'st, whether Fame crown'd his efforts or not,
That his love of the Muse might enliven his lot ;
That poesy acts like a magical charm ;
And in seasons of care it can silently calm.

It might win him no wealth, yet its treasure would add
 To the store of his mind, what would make the heart
 glad ;

That the feelings and thoughts its enchantments can
 cherish,

Are too precious, too pure, and too lofty to perish.

Then accept of my thanks ! they are justly thy due ;
 And forgive me for seeking once more to renew
 A claim pronounc'd sacred, with being begun,
 By the Father once own'd, and bequeath'd to the Son.

A DREAM.

THOU art not of the living now ;
And yet a form appears
At times before me, such as thou
In days of former years ;
It rises, to my spirit's sight,
In thoughts by day, in dreams by night.

Nor can I choose, but fondly bless
A shade, if shade it be,
Which, with such soft expressiveness,
Recalls one thought of thee :
I own it, in itself, ideal ;
Its influence o'er my heart is real.

I grant that dreams are idle things,
Yet have I known a few,
To which my faithful memory clings ;
They seem'd so sweet and true,
That, let who will the fault condemn,
It was a grief to wake from them.

One such came lately in the hours
 To nightly slumber due ;
 It pictur'd forth no fairy bowers
 To fancy's raptur'd view ;
 It had not much of marvels strange,
 Nor aught of wild and frequent change :—

But all seem'd real.—Aye! as much,
 As now the page I trace
 Is palpable to sight and touch ;
 Then how could doubt have place?
 Yet was I not from doubt exempt,
 But ask'd myself if still I dreamt.

I felt I did ; but, spite of this,
 Even thus *in dreams* to meet,
 Had much, too much of dearest bliss,
 Though not enough to cheat :
 I knew the vision might not stay,
 And yet I bless'd its transient sway.

But oh, *thy* look!—It was not one
 That earthly features wear ;
 Nor was it aught to fear or shun,
 As fancied spectres are :
 'Twas gentle, pure, and passionless,
 Yet full of heavenly tenderness.

One thing was strange.—It seem'd to me
 We were not long alone ;
 But many more were circling thee,
 Whom thou on earth hadst known :
 Who seem'd as greeting thy return
 From some unknown, remote sojourn.

To them thou wast, as others be
 Whom on this earth we love ;
 I marvell'd much they could not see
 Thou camest from above :
 And often to myself I said,
 " How can they thus approach the dead ? "

But though all these, with fondness warm,
 Said, " Welcome ! " o'er and o'er,
 Still that expressive shade, or form,
 Was silent, as before !
 And yet its stillness never brought
 To *them* one hesitating thought.

I only knew thee as thou wert ;
 A being not of earth !
 Yet had I not the power to exert
 My voice to check their mirth ;
 For blameless mirth was theirs, to see,
 Once more, a friend belov'd like thee.

And so apart from all I stood,
 Till tears, though not of grief,
 Afforded, to that speechless mood,
 A soothing, calm relief:
 And, happier than if speech were free,
 I stood, and watch'd thee silently !

I watch'd thee silently, and while
 I mus'd on days gone by,
 Thou gav'st me one celestial smile—
 One look that cannot die.
 It was a moment worthy years !
 I woke, and found myself in tears.

In tears ; but not such tears as fall
 From sorrow's waking eye ;
 Nor such as flow at feeling's call
 From woman's.—Mine are dry ;
 Save when they melt with soft'ning bliss
 And love, in some such dream as this !

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

H——— A———

WOULD I deck truth in fiction's graceful dress,
 Easy it were for votary of the Nine
 To find, in fair creation's loveliness,
 Apt emblems of a life and death like thine.

The first, a streamlet scattering, though unseen,
 Its silent virtues, well might represent ;
 The last, a light cloud, lovely and serene,
 View'd on the verge of a bright firmament.

But these are poor comparisons.—The stream
 One summer's radiance may for ever dry ;
 The cloud, so beauteous in the sunset's gleam,
 May be forgotten in night's starless sky.

Not so with thee ; thy memory long shall live,
 Through starless nights, through dark and distant
 days ;
 Thy virtues ! 'twere more fitting they should give
 Impulse to *imitation*, than to *praise*.

Indeed, they were not *thine* ! That gentleness,
 That patient resignation—kindness—truth ;
 That candour—sympathy with all distress,
 And quiet cheerfulness, surpassing youth ;—

That self-forgetfulness—unbounded love :

These were not thine, though thou wert lov'd for
 them ;

THOU knew'st they were but lent thee from above,
 This knowledge was their crown and diadem !

Thou art no longer of this world : and even

While yet its path of flowers and thorns was trod
 By thee, thy “ conversation was in heaven,”
 Where thy pure spirit now beholds its God !

2d Mo. 5th, 1820.

TO
 A FATHER,
 On the Death of his only Child,
 A PROMISING YOUTH OF EIGHTEEN.

THE hand of the HIGHEST, who woundeth, can heal
 Every pang that the keenest affliction may feel ;
 And though misery's cup may be fill'd to its brim,
 It can be endur'd, through obedience to HIM.

I grant that the stroke which has laid thy hopes low
 Is perhaps the severest that nature can know ;
 If hope but *deferr'd*, may cause sickness of heart,
 How dreadful to see it for ever *depart* !

Yet, even in this hour of unutterable grief,
 Religion and reason may whisper relief,
 If the sufferer confide in the goodness of God,
 Who withholds not his *staff*, when he strikes with his
rod.

Though the worth of the dead may at present but be
A source of additional anguish to thee ;
Yet a period may come, when that worth shall awake
A soul-soothing sadness, belov'd for *his* sake.

Then arise ! like the monarch of Judah, repair
To the house of the Lord, humbly worship him there ;
And may love of thy lost-one instruct thee to learn
That thou mayst go to him, though he cannot return.

VERSES

RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
TO A PROFESSIONAL FRIEND.

THOU art not one of those, who, by retreating
Far from the tumult of life's busy throng,
Have foster'd feelings, fair ; but, oh how fleeting !—
Fraught with delight to every child of song :
Yet should I do thee, sure, ungrateful wrong,
Did I not feel a poet's warmest pride
In styling thee my patron : since among
The few, whose partial smiles have hope supplied,
Thine, dear for friendship's sake, have never been denied.

Yet when at first I met thee, (pardon me,
I did not know thee then as now I do,)
I scarcely dar'd to hope that there might be
One rallying point between us : well I knew,
By common fame, thy life to honour true ;
Integrity unquestion'd, warm good-will ;
And yet I could but think how very few
Can mingle with the world, and cherish still
That genuine love of song which worldly feelings chill.

The panting pilgrim, who on Arab's sands
 Plods wearily along the sterile scene,
 Where far and wide a dreary waste expands ;
 When on his eye a glimpse of living green
 Glances at distance, with what alter'd mien
 He journeys on : hope in his bosom glows,
 And fancy's eye beholds the glist'ning sheen
 Of the fair streamlet, as it freshly flows,
 Beside whose brink ere long he gladly shall repose.

And such the feeling was, by thee excited,
 When first this volume ask'd thy friendly aid :
 All I could ask was given, though unrequited,
 Except as far as feeble thanks repaid
 Thy generous efforts ; still more grateful made
 By that unpatronizing grace, which cast
 O'er kindnesses conferr'd a partial shade
 As wishing them to be unheeded past ;
 Despite that delicate veil their memory long shall last.

To thee, and one like thee, whose honour'd name
 Could not be honour'd more by verse of mine,
 These fleeting pages owe their right to claim
 Existence ; and if here and there a line,
 Worthy a votary of the tuneful Nine,
 Be found to Nature's better feelings true ;
 Or in my verses aught of genius shine,
 Or passion's genuine tone, or fancy's hue ;
 Much of their meed of praise is justly due to you.

Enough of this :—'tis time such theme should end,
 Yet more might be forgiven : could he say less,
 Who in a stranger finds a steadfast friend ?
 No, surely not : the warm heart *will* express
 What generous bosoms easily may guess
 Is glowing in it : it will entertain
 Wishes most ardent for the happiness
 Of those who've foster'd it : nor can refrain
 E'en when expression gives a sense of transient pain.

One of the purest blessings life can give,
 Is felt by those, who, ere its final close,
 Have given decided proof they did not live
 For themselves only : this the parent knows,
 Who, ere he sink to Nature's last repose,
 Sees round him those who owe their all to him ;
 While the warm smile that in each visage glows
 Lends buoyant vigour to the languid limb,
 And keeps the cup of joy still mantling to its brim.

Nor less his pure delight, though far more rare,
 Who lonely, not unlov'd ;—by ties unbound,
 Except by choice impos'd, and free as air,
 Attaches to him those whose hearts have found
 Much in the world to inflict that rankling wound
 Which disappointment deals. Oh ! does not he,
 (If ever bard his benefactor crown'd,)
 Deserve that round his brows entwin'd should be
 A wreath more deathless far than I have woven thee ?

NOTE

In reference to the last stanza, page 163.

The remark made in one of the preceding verses, that these pages owe their existence to the party addressed, was perfectly true, as respected the volume in which the Poem was first published; and is, in great measure, appropriate to this: for had not the former been printed, the present would not have been attempted. I cannot conclude this note without applying to my "professional friend," one of the most expressive tributes ever paid by an Author to a Patron: "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, speaking of one by whom he had been *early* encouraged, "he praised me at a time when praise was valuable to me."

TO MARY,

OCCASIONED BY HER HAVING ENGRAVEN ON A SEAL THE WORDS
 "FORGET ME NOT."

FORGET thee, MARY!—no, not yet ;
 Too pleasing is the pensive debt
 Which memory owes to thee ;
 Not out of mind, though out of sight ;
 While retrospection claims her right,
 And friendship can afford delight,
 From all such fears be free.

For whom would memory's magic art
 Wish to enshrine within the heart ?
 Oh, would it not be one
 Simple, ingenuous, modest, meek ;
 Whose praise we scarcely dare to speak,
 So much her eye, and changing cheek,
 Each plaudit seems to shun ?

Whose gentle manners, void of art,
Can cheer and charm that wounded heart

Which beauty could not bow :
Such live in memory's ear and eye,
Endear'd by many a tender tie,
And though remote, are ever nigh,
And such, dear friend, art thou.

Yet, lovely as thou art, not thine
The praise alone : for this one line

I know thou'lt not reprove me ;
Young as thou art, thou know'st from whence
Thy brightest charms of soul and sense ;
Be HE who gave them their defence,
And all who know must love thee.

SONNET,
TO
CHARLOTTE M——.

THOU art but in life's morning, and as yet
The world looks witchingly : its fruits and flowers
Are fair and fragrant, and its beauteous bowers
Seem haunts of happiness, before thee set,
All lovely as a landscape freshly wet
With dew, or bright with sunshine after showers ;
Where pleasure dwells, and Flora's magic powers
Woo thee to pluck joy's peerless coronet.
Thus be it ever : wouldst thou have it so,
Preserve thy present openness of heart ;
Cherish those generous feelings which now start
At base dissimulation, and that glow
Of native love for ties which home endears,
And thou wilt find the world no vale of tears.

" ALL IS VANITY."

Oh ! what can be more frail
 Than all this world can grant us ?
 Why should its power avail
 So often to enchant us ?

In vain the chase, when won,
 Declares our hopes defeated ;
 Lur'd by fresh object on,
 We cherish what has cheated !

In childhood, any toy
 For one short hour amuses ;
 And all its store of joy
 With its new lustre loses.

The boy keeps up the game,
 Just as the child began it ;
 For boyhood's joyous flame
 Needs novelty to fan it.

The youth, when beauty's eye
 First wakes the pulse of pleasure,
 Thinks, with a pensive sigh,
 That he has found life's treasure.

How oft the smile he woo'd,
 Proud beauty has denied him,
 While, in capricious mood,
 It beam'd on all beside him.

And oh ! how many an one
 Has gain'd, and fondly nurs'd it ;
 Then, by that smile undone,
 With bitterness has curs'd it.

Existence further scan,
 In all its various stages ;
 View it in ripen'd man,
 In hoary-headed sages :—

What pleasure can it give,
 Except it stoop to borrow ;
 And lead us on to live
 On bliss to be—to-morrow ?

If rapture's brightest hour
 Be soon by sorrow shaded ;
 If pleasure's fairest flower
 Scarce bloom before 'tis faded :

If proud ambition's steep
 But dazzle to deceive us ;
 If vales, where soft love sleeps,
 Allure, then *lonely* leave us :

If wealth, with all its toys,
 Shrink at death's stern ordeal ;
 If fancy's boasted joys
 Be, like herself, unreal :

What can this world bestow
 That should enchain us to it ?
 Or compensate the woe
 All bear, who journey through it ?

O, man ! if to this earth
 Thy heart be wedded, only ;
 Each hope it can give birth
 Will leave thee doubly lonely :

And, when that hope is gone,
 Thou'lt find, by all forsaken,
 Thy spirit lean'd upon
 A reed, by each wind shaken !

TO
A FRIEND,
ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1818.

ONCE more, my gentle friend ! has time's swift flight
(Suspended never) reach'd thy natal day ;
And that pure friendship which first bade me plight
My promise to devote to it a lay,
Shall be fulfill'd : what, though perchance it may
Bear token of the hour that gives it birth,
Yet wilt thou not its sober tone gainsay ;
For thou hast sojourn'd long enough on earth,
Young as thou art, to know the emptiness of mirth.

I mean that mirth, which, flashing but to fade,
Exhil'rates not, but soon exhausts the mind ;
And, transiently delighting, leaves a shade
Of self-engender'd dreariness behind.
With such my clouded spirit oft has pin'd ;
Until, disgusted with the treacherous gleam,
In which a moment's bliss it sought to find,
Despair has almost tempted me to deem
Joy an unreal shade—delight an empty dream.

Yet is there left us an alternative

In chasten'd cheerfulness, deriving birth
 From other sources than the world can give,
 Far, far superior to its heartless mirth :
 And though at times, while we remain on earth,
 Clouds may obscure this " sunshine of the breast,"
 Those who have truly known and priz'd its worth
 Will own with gratitude, in hours deprest,
 Its memory boasts that charm left by a blameless guest.

Something of this, dear friend, have we not tasted

In hours gone by ? Then, since those hours, to me
 Have still a living charm, by time unwasted,
 Proving that they were never born to be
 Enjoy'd, and then forgotten ; unto thee
 O may they seem, as in my heart they are
 When fond imagination wanders free,
 Like a bright beacon, or a cloudless star
 Flinging o'er ocean's waves its lovely light afar.

This is thy birth-day ! and for Friendship's sake,

Even in this gloomiest season of the year,
 Feelings as warm as Spring could ever wake
 Have chronicled, and bid me hold it dear.
 The heart has in itself a hemisphere

That knows not change of season, day or night ;
 For still when thoughts of those we love are near,
 Their cherish'd forms arise before our sight,
 And o'er the spirit shed fresh sunshine and delight.

Nature, who wore when few months since we met
 Her summer garb, a different dress displays :
 Your garden walks may now be moss'd and wet ;
 The jas'mine's star-like bloom, which, in the rays
 Of the bright moon seem'd lovely to my gaze,
 Has faded now ; and the green leaves, that grew
 So lightly on the acacia's topmost sprays,
 Have lost, ere this, their glossy verdant hue,
 Shading no more the path their reliques soon must strew.

Is there nought left then, loveliness to lend
 Unto the spot my memory loves to trace ?
 Should I now find, were I to come and spend
 A day with you, no beauty left to grace
 What seem'd of quiet joy the dwelling-place ?
 Oh, yes ! believe me, much as I admir'd
 Those charms which change of seasons can efface,
 It was not such alone, when home retir'd,
 That memory cherish'd most, or most the muse inspir'd.

When nature sheds her leafy loveliness,
 She does not die : her vital principle
 But seeks awhile its innermost recess,
 And there securely finds a citadel
 Which even winter owns impregnable ;
 The sap, retreating downward to the root,
 Is still alive, as spring shall shortly tell,
 By swelling buds, whence blossoms soon will shoot,
 Dispensing fragrance round, and pledge of future fruit.

And thus our best affections, those which bind
 Heart unto heart by friendship's purest tie,
 Have an internal life, and are enshrin'd
 Too deeply in our bosoms soon to die.
 Spring's opening bloom, and summer's azure sky
 Might *borrow from them* beauties not their own ;
 But when November winds are loud and high,
 And nature's dirge assumes its deepest tone,
 The joy of social hours in its full charm is known.

For as the sap, whose quickening influence
 Shall be in spring the birth of future flowers,
 Confin'd and concentrated, is from thence
 More full of life, than in those brighter hours
 When birds sang sweetly in their shady bowers,
 And all unclouded was heaven's vaulted dome ;
 Thus is it with the *mind's* electric powers,
 Forbid by winter's frowning skies to roam,
 Their radiance is condens'd, their focus found at HOME !

Then stir the cheerful fire ! and let its light
 The rallying point of home-born pleasures be ;
 Where spirit-sparkling eyes, and smiles as bright,
 Their own fit emblem may delighted see :
 And let the overflow of innocent glee
 Be like the exub'rance of the Nile, and bless
 The seeds of future joy's fertility ;
 That days, in years to come, may bear th' impress
 Of hours of blameless bliss and social happiness.

Since such, dear friend ! is the delightful season

When thou wast born, oh ! let it, as it ought,

Be kept with due observance, for that reason ;

Not lighted up with borrow'd splendour caught

From outward themes, which time or chance may
thwart :

But be its zest those charms that have their flow

Fresh from the source of feeling and of thought ;

And full of all that pure and vivid glow

Which speaks them born above, though spent on earth
below.

THE SOLITARY TOMB.

Not a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirr'd,
Though a breath might have mov'd it so lightly;
Not a farewell note from a sweet singing bird
Bade adieu to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except
In the west where the sun was descending;
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept,
As his beams with their beauty were blending.

And the evening star, with ray its so clear,
So tremulous, soft, and tender,
Had lit up its lamp, and shot down from its sphere
Its dewy, delightful splendour.

And I stood, all alone, on that gentle hill,
With a landscape so lovely before me ;
And its spirit and tone, so serene and still,
Seem'd silently gathering o'er me.

Far off was the Deben, whose briny flood
 By its winding banks was sweeping ;
 And just at the foot of the hill where I stood,
 The dead in their damp graves were sleeping.

How lonely and lovely their resting-place seem'd !
 An enclosure which care could not enter :
 And how sweetly the grey lights of evening gleam'd,
 On the solitary tomb in its centre !

When at morn, or at eve, I have wander'd near,
 And in various lights have view'd it,
 With what differing forms, unto friendship dear,
 Has the magic of fancy endued it.

Sometimes it has seem'd like a lonely sail,
 A white spot on the emerald billow ;
 Sometimes like a lamb in a low grassy vale,
 Stretch'd in peace on its verdant pillow.

But no image of gloom, or of care, or strife,
 Has it ever given birth to one minute ;
 For lamented in death, as beloved in life,
 Was he, who now slumbers within it.

He was one who in youth on the stormy seas
 Was a far and a fearless ranger ;
 Who, borne on the billow, and blown by the breeze,
 Counted lightly of death or of danger.

Yet in this rude school had his heart still kept
All the freshness of gentlest feeling ;
Nor in woman's warm eye has a tear ever slept,
More of softness and kindness revealing.

And here, when the bustle of youth was past,
He liv'd and he lov'd, and he died too ;
Oh ! why was affection, which death could outlast,
A more lengthen'd enjoyment denied to?

But here he slumbers ! and many there are
Who love that lone tomb, and revere it ;
And one far off, who, like eve's dewy star,
Though at distance, in fancy dwells near it.

SONNET

TO

A FRIEND, ON HIS SECOND MARRIAGE.

To Hymen's shrine, where once thy vows were paid,
Once more a pilgrim thou hast been ; and now
Thy evening fire, whose fitful radiance play'd
Often for us alone, lights up a brow,
And eye, and cheek, which by its dancing rays
Look lovelily ; and make the circle round
One upon which thy gladden'd eye may gaze
Untired, till thy heart own its wishes crown'd.
May health, and home-born bliss, and calm content,
Long haunt the spot ! and still increasing love
Of her, now own'd its brightest ornament,
An ample source of purest pleasure prove.
That you may both confess each hope fulfill'd,
On which love prompted you *again* to build.

VERSES,

ON SEEING IN AN ALBUM A SKETCH OF AN OLD GATEWAY.*

RELIQUE of hoar antiquity !

With moss and weeds array'd,
The debt I long have ow'd to thee
May fitly now be paid ;
When, in thy semblance here, I trace
Each well-known, venerable grace,
So livingly pourtray'd :
For thou hast power to wake a throng
Of thoughts and feelings, dormant long.

Thou wast the earliest monument
Of what, in former days,
Had once been deem'd magnificent,
Which met my boyish gaze.
And first emotions, kindled then,
Now seem to start to life again ;
As thou, when morning's rays
Are on thy time-worn forehead shed,
And gild thy brow so garlanded.

* The Verses were written as an accompaniment to the drawing: the Ruin itself was one familiar to me in very early life.

For, even in boyhood, I possess'd
 Untutor'd love for all
 Which since, by Scott, or Froissart dress'd,
 Wove fancy's sweetest thrall.
 Deride who may, I then could feel
 What wildest romance might reveal
 At fiction's fairy call :
 And thou, for many years hadst been
 The only ruin I had seen.

And though thou wert a puny shred
 Of Grandeur's vestment hoary,
 Before me was not vainly spread
 The page of thy past glory.
 I of thy history nothing knew,
 But with thee rose to memory's view
 Fragments of ancient story,
 O'er which, in boyhood, had I ponder'd;
 To which again my fancy wander'd.

Through such a gate as this, perchance,
 Thought I, once issued free,
 All I have read of in romance,
 And reading, half could see ;
 Robed priests, advancing one by one,
 And banners gleaming in the sun,
 With knights of chivalry :
 And then I almost seem'd to hear
 The trumpet's clangor thrilling near.

" 'Twas idlesse all : " such flights as please
 A castle-building boy,
 Whom nature early taught to seize
 (Far more than childish toy)
 Ideal bliss ; by thought created,
 Such as on marvels strange awaited,
 And gave romantic joy ;
 Who, even then was wont, alone,
 To dream adventures of his own.

Such are gone by ! experience now
 Has fetter'd fancy's flight ;
 And years upon my pensive brow
 Inscrib'd, what time must write
 On heads that think, on hearts that feel,
 That all the bliss such dreams reveal
 Is brief, though passing bright :
 Yet not the less, now these are gone,
 I love to think how fair they shone.

For oh ! the morning of the soul
 Has heavenly brightness in it ;
 And, as the mind's first mists unrol,
 Gives years in every minute !
 Years of ideal joy ! Life's path,
 First trod, such dewy freshness hath,
 'Tis rapture to begin it :
 But soon, too soon, the dew-drops dry,
 Or glisten but in sorrow's eye.

And if in mine they gather not,
 Nor such by me be shed ;
 Like waters in a stony grot,
 Deep is their fountain head !
 They, who in tears can find relief,
 Know little of the excess of grief
 With which some hearts have bled,
 When burning eyes, forbid to sleep,
 Have ach'd, because they could not weep.

It boots but little ; smiles and tears,
 Even from beauty beaming,
 Must fade alike with fleeting years,
 Like phantoms from the dreaming :
 But never can they be so bright,
 As when life's sweet and dawning light
 On both by turns was gleaming ;
 Unless it be, when, unforget,
 We feel "*they were, and they are not !*"

"THOU ART GONE TO THE LAND OF THE LEAL."

THOU art gone to the land of the leal, and the bell
Is mournfully tolling thy funeral knell ;
Within the dark coffin is pillow'd thy head,
And without it the pall for a covering spread ;
From the home which thy presence so long has endear'd,
Where thy smiles were belov'd, and thy worth was
rever'd,

To the last earthly home, where thy reliques shall rest,
Thou art journeying in peace !—Be thy memory blest !
And blest it shall be : for thou dost not descend
To the cold grave unhonour'd ; the grief of each friend,
The sigh of the poor, and the sorrow of those
Who have known thee the longest, attended thy close.
Oh ! often before me thy image shall pass,
Like a shadow reflected from memory's glass ;
With thy time-silver'd locks, and those spirits, whose
play

Seem'd fresh from the fount of life's earliest day ;
And the vision, thus brought, to my bosom shall be
Ever welcome, if bearing the semblance of thee !

2d Mo. 6th, 1818.

THE SEA.

I REMEMBER a time when existence was young,
When the halo of hope round futurity hung,
When I stoop'd not to commune with sorrow or strife,
But enjoyment alone seem'd the business of life.

The bright sun himself, in an unclouded sky,
Exulted not more in his brightness than I;
And the clouds that his last rays of light lov'd to gild,
Could not rival the castles my fancy would build.

The loud-singing bird, and the blythe humming bee;
Were not happier than I, in that season of glee;
Like the butterfly, flitting round spring's gayest bowers,
Fly whither I would, I alighted on flowers.

Yet then, even then, when my young spirit found
Its own heaven within, and above, and around,
There was nothing more dear or delightful to me,
Than to gaze on the glorious and beautiful sea.

Oh ! I shall not forget, until memory depart,
When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart ;
The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,
When its billowy boundlessness open'd before me !

As I stood on its margin, or roam'd on its strand,
 I felt new ideas within me expand,
 Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour,
 And my spirit was mute in the presence of Power !

But soon, as young boyhood is wont, I o'ercame
 The feeling of awe which first master'd my frame,
 And that wide world of waters appear'd in my view
 A scene of enjoyment unbounded and new.

In the surf-beaten sands that encircled it round,
 In the billow's retreat, and the breaker's rebound,
 In its white-drifted form, and its dark-heaving green,
 Each moment I gaz'd some fresh beauty was seen.

And thus, while I wander'd on ocean's bleak shore,
 And survey'd its vast surface, and heard its waves
 roar,

I seem'd wrapt in a dream of romantic delight,
 And haunted by majesty, glory, and might !

* * * * *
 * * * * *

So it *was* in the morning of life ! but no more
 Can thy grandeur, old Ocean ! such visions restore ;
 With the freshness of youth those enchantments have
 flown,

But a charm still survives that is proudly thy own.

It is thine to awaken that tenderest thrill
 Of pensive enjoyment, which time cannot chill ;
 Which survives even love, on its memory to live,
 And is dearer by far than all rapture can give.

It is not a feeling of gloom or distress,
 But something that language can never express ;
 'Tis the essence of joy, and the lux'ry of woe,
 The bliss of the blest, faintly imag'd below.

For if ever to mortals sensations are given
 As pledges of purer ones hop'd for in heaven,
 They are those which arise, when, with humble devotion,
 We gaze upon thee, thou magnificent ocean.

Though, while in these houses of clay we must dwell,
 We but faintly can guess, and imperfectly tell
 What the feelings of fetterless spirits may be ;
 They are surely *like* those which are waken'd by thee.

A sense of His greatness, whose might, and whose will
 First gave thee existence, and governs thee still ;
 By the force of whose "FIAT" thy waters were made !
 By the strength of whose arm thy proud billows are
 stay'd !

Nor less, when our vision thy vastness would scan,
 And our spirits would fain thy immensity span,
 Does thy empire, which spreads from equator to pole,
 Prove how feeble and finite is human control.

Yet, mix'd with emotions that humble our pride,
 Are others to nature's best feelings allied ;
 To the wounded in spirit, the stricken in heart,
 Thy breezes and billows can solace impart.

And this I have found, when, with spirits deprest,
 I have walk'd by thy side as thy waves sank to rest ;
 When the winds which had 'swept thee were softly
 subsiding,
 And where breakers had foam'd rippling billows were
 gliding.

Oh, thus ! have I thought, when the tempests that roll,
 And the clouds that o'ershadow and darken my soul,
 Have fulfill'd their commission, my sorrows may cease,
 And my thoughts, like thy waves, find a season of peace.

Flow on then, thou type of eternity ! flow ;
 In boyhood my heart in thy presence would glow ;
 “ For the strength of the happy, the might of the free,
 Seem'd spread like a garment of glory o'er thee.”

But more chasten'd, and passionless, now is thy sway,
 Since dark clouds have shadow'd the noon of my day ;
 Oh, then ! like the sun's setting beam on thy wave,
 May a ray from Hope's star shed its light on my grave !

TO A PROFILE.

I KNEW thee not ! then wherefore gaze
Upon thy silent shadow there,
Which so imperfectly pourtrays
The form thy features us'd to wear ?
Yet have I often look'd at thee,
As if those lips could speak to me.

I knew thee not ! and thou couldst know,
At best, but little more of one
Whose pilgrimage on earth below
Commenc'd, just ere thy own was done ;
For few and fleeting days were thine,
To hope or fear for lot of mine.

Yet few and fleeting as they were,
Fancy and feeling picture this,
They prompted many a fervent prayer,
Witness'd, perchance, a parting kiss ;
And might not kiss, and prayer, from thee,
At such a period, profit me ?

Whether they did, or not ; I owe
At least this tribute to thy worth ;
Though little all I *can* bestow,
Yet fond affection gives it birth ;
And prompts me, as thy shade I view,
To bless thee, whom I never knew !

SONNET
TO A FRIEND.

IN thy profession thou hast many peers,
Whose skill may equal thine : but few I know
Whom converse, manners, kindness, so endears
To patients, in that most impatient woe
Disease gives birth to. I would rather be
(As who would not?) a stranger to you all :
But if I were by sad necessity
Compell'd to seek for aid, thine would I call.
For I have found thee, in some tedious hours
Of pain and languor, capable of being
Expert in more than med'cine's healing powers ;
Not nauseous drugs, alone, with pomp decreeing,
But nearly able by thy *social* skill
To make me half forget that I was ill.

TO ———.

Our friendship, Arthur, was not form'd;
 As some have been, in boyhood's heat,
 When feelings may be chill'd or warm'd
 By any specious counterfeit.

We met not until both had past
 The inexperience'd flush of youth;
 And learnt, as all may do, at last,
 The worth of confidence and truth.

We ask'd no pledge, nor aught profess'd;
 Each knew he had no selfish ends;
 And time, the most unerring test
 Of every tie has made us friends.

Long may we be so! One event,
 Which friendship views with jealous eye,
 (Sometimes from selfish discontent)
 Has but the more endear'd our tie.

How should it have been otherwise ?

No groundless hopes my bosom warm'd ;
A heart, whose love thy own would prize,
I well might guess for friendship form'd.

And I have liv'd to see thee prove
The purest joys that life can lend ;
Yet never found thee made by love
Less worthy of the name of friend.

Farewell ! I give no *thanks* to thee,
Or thine ; though surely few would doubt them,
And some might look for them ; but we
Will do, as we have done, without them.

SONNET

TO W—— P——.

In genuine love of freedom, testified
 Alike by words and deeds ; if sterling sense,
 Pure taste, directed by intelligence,
 And candidly to liberal arts applied ;
 If, with such high acquirements, be allied
 A heart, replete with true benevolence ;
 Who will assert I have not just pretence
 To call their owner " Friend," with honest pride ?
 None would dispute it, might I, unrestrain'd
 By scruples, which but add redoubled strength
 To all I feel, inscribe thy name at length,
 But not by me thy feelings shall be pain'd.
 Cost what it will, that cherish'd name shall be
 Honour'd, rever'd, and lov'd ; but utter'd not by me.

VERSES

TO HER WHO IS JUSTLY ENTITLED TO THEM.

IN childhood thy kindness has often caress'd me,
 Its memory is mix'd with my earliest days ;
 It brighten'd my boyhood, in manhood it bless'd me,
 It thought not of thanks, and it pin'd not for praise.

Can I, in thy evening, forget the mild brightness
 Which beam'd in thy zenith,—which shines round thee
 still ?

No : ere I forget thee must memory be sightless,
 And the heart thou hast cherish'd death only can chill.

Long, long since belov'd, now as warmly respected,
 To my fancy thou seem'st like some time-honour'd
 tree ;
 And the plant, which thy fostering shadow protected,
 Still looks up with filial fondness to thee.

Dark storms passing over, perhaps may have sear'd thee,
 The moss of old age be thy livery now ;
 But much still survives which has justly endear'd thee ;
 Some greenness still graces each gently bent bough.

May that sun, which must set, in descending enwreath
 thee

With a mild pensive splendour no cloud can o'ercast ;
 And all that has flourish'd around and beneath thee,
 Will preserve thy remembrance when sunset is past.

A POSTSCRIPT.

THY latest leaf is shed,
 Life's beaming sun hath set ;
 Thou sleep'st among the dead,
 But art remember'd yet.
 Not only to the last,
 Did I look up, and love ;
 But now, when all is past,
 Thought follows thee above.

While life had aught to give
 That might seem bliss to thee,
 I wish'd that thou might'st live,
 Though parted far from me.

But when existence here
 Could suffering but increase ;
All, all who held thee dear
 Desir'd thy soul's release.

It came, and thou art free,
 Nor can I mourn the stroke,
Although, in losing thee,
 Some sweetest ties are broke.
Farewell ! belov'd, rever'd ;
 We part, but to be nearer ;
Though much thy life endear'd,
 Death seems to make thee dearer !

LINES TO HANNAH AND PHŒBE.

I HAVE known you so long, and have lov'd you so well,
 It is fit that one page of our friendship should tell ;
 For experience has made it as firm and as fond,
 On my part, at least, as a brotherly bond ;
 And on yours, I should hope, some such feelings are
 known

Towards me, as affectionate sisters might own.
 Ought it not to be thus ? Oh ! most surely it should ;
 For through pain, and through pleasure ; through evil
 and good ;

Or what the world call such, I think I may say
 We have mutually strove to make smoother the way ;
 In moments of sunshine, that sunshine to share,
 And in days overclouded, the darkness to bear :—
 May we still do the same ; and increasingly feel
 That joy genuine friendship alone can reveal :
 And gratefully own, while it doubles our bliss,
 Its influence extends even further than this ;
 For, in seasons of grief, it is equally true
 By dividing our sorrows it lessens them too,

THE
AUTHOR'S PARTING ADDRESS
TO THE MUSE.*

OUR task is ended now, and we may part,
 As lovers do when Fate and Fortune frown ;
 With some foreboding heaviness of heart,
 Each struggle quell'd, each stubborn sigh kept
 down :
 Experience cools " the fever of renown ;"
 More serious duties claim increasing care ;
 Nor glimpse of future fame, nor laurel crown,
 Can woo me with their soul-seducing snare ;
 Since Prudence bids me shun, what Hope once bade
 me dare.

And yet, like truant school-boy, I have known
 The dear delights of stolen liberty ;
 And bow'd at times before thy magic throne,
 Like one half conscious of idolatry,
 And half asham'd ; for thou hast been to me,
 " My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;"
 'Twas loneliness first led to love of thee ;
 Hence, before men though I have oft denied
 Thy name, in secret still I've call'd thee to my side.

* These verses concluded a volume of Poems published
 anonymously.

There is a cause for this: thou know'st there is ;
 Ask of thy numerous worshippers, and they
 Can truly tell what empty meed is his,
 Who, fondly prompted unto thee to pay
 His votive vows, and hail thee with his lay,
 Deems thou wilt grant the barren boon he craves ;
 One in a thousand wins a wreath of bay,
 Which o'er his brow in sterile splendour waves ;
 The rest in mute despair crouch before Mammon's slaves.

" Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre,"
 Like many a lofty precept, potent seems,
 Till prov'd by sage experience : but the fire
 Unfed is soon extinct ; and when the dreams
 Of proud distinction and the fancied gleams
 Of future fame, fade from the mental eye ;
 What wonder if the bright and witching beams
 Thy brow once wore, when its first majesty
 Dawn'd on thy votary's view, should seem a dream gone
 [by ?

Happy, if this were all ; but worse remains ;
 There are who have profess'd themselves to be
 Thy worshippers, whose souls have worn the chains
 Of lust, ambition, avarice, sophistry ;
 Who, mindless of the homage sworn to thee,
 Have basely bow'd to idols, pomp and power ;
 Or in false glory's fane have bent the knee :
 And thereby forfeited the deathless dower
 They might have shar'd with thee in lone sequester'd
 bower.

Thus hath apostasy, from that pure spirit
 Befitting thee, and those who use thy name,
 Made it a dubious gift for man to inherit
 A bard's desires, or seek a poet's fame;
 Yet, fickle as thou art, not thine the shame
 Of this degeneracy; when man shall learn
 His real interest, and his noblest aim,
 With genuine love to thee shall thousands turn,
 And pure and hallow'd fires shall on thy altar burn.

When man shall know the real worth of wealth,
 And prize it for that worth; when truth shall keep
 The heart, and heart's affections, in sound health
 By love's unerring law; when man shall weep
 To see the murdering sword its lustre steep
 In human blood, and shun false glory's fane:
 Then shall thy songs of triumph proudly sweep
 From realm to realm, from billowy main to main,
 And freedom, peace, and love, with thee for ever reign!

TO JOANNA,

ON HER SENDING ME THE LEAF OF A FLOWER GATHERED IN
WORDSWORTH'S GARDEN.

JOANNA! though I well can guess
That in mirth's very idleness,
And raillery's enjoyment,
This leaf is sent: it shall not lose
Its errand, but afford the Muse
Some minutes' light employment.

Thou sent'st it, in thy naughty wit,
As emblem, type, or symbol, fit
For a mere childish rhymers;
And I accept it, not as such,
But as indicative of much
Lovelier and far sublimer.

I own, as over it I pore,
It is a simple leaf, no more:
And further, without scandal,
It is so delicate and small,
One sees 'twas never meant at all
For vulgar clowns to handle.

But in itself, for aught I see,
 'Tis perfect as a leaf can be ;
 Nor can I doubt a minute,
 That on the spot where first it grew,
 It had each charm of shape, and hue,
 And native sweetness in it.

Thus sever'd from the stem where first
 To life and light its beauty burst ;—
 It brings to recollection
 A fragment of the poet's lay,
 Torn from its native page away,
 For critical dissection.

But 'tis not by one leaf alone,
 The beauty of the flower is known ;
 Nor do I rank a poet
 By parts, that critics may think fit
 To quote, who, " redolent of wit,"
 Take up his works to show it.

If on its stem, this leaf display'd
 Beauty which sought no artful aid,
 And scatter'd fragrance round it ;
 If the sweet flower on which it grew
 Was graceful, natural, lovely too,
 Delighting all who found it :—

Then will I own that flower to be
A type of Wordsworth, or of thee ;
For kindred virtues grace you ;
And though the bard may think me bold,
And thou mayst half resolve to scold,
I in one page will place you !

VERSES

TO ———,

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

SWEET is the early dream of love,
 When first we feel its sacred sway ;
 When earth around, and heaven above,
 Seem lit by joy's new-dawning ray.

Then nature's charms more radiant seem,
 Opening fresh beauties to our view ;
 Joy dances on the sparkling stream,
 Hope lends the flower its brightest hue.

More chasten'd, but more justly dear,
 Are love's delights in manhood's strife ;
 When month by month, and year by year,
 Have brought us to the noon of life.

Some of the fabrics Fancy built
 In earlier hours, perchance have faded ;
 And many a prospect Hope had gilt,
 Experience may have somewhat shaded :—

Yet not the less we fondly prize
 That which has stood Time's potent test ;
 What has *surviv'd*, still proudly vies,
 With all we fancied we possess'd.

Earth's loveliest bower more lovely seems
 In the sun's fierce meridian heat ;
 And thus in manhood's bustling schemes,
 Domestic bliss is doubly sweet.

But oh ! more hallow'd, calm, and pure,
 Than love's first dawn, or noon-tide ray,
 Those milder glories which endure
Through both, and mark its closing day.

Then, then we know the light that blest
 Our morn and zenith, God hath given ;
 Its beams, like suns which reach the west,
 Seem opening vistas into heaven.

For you, who, in a good old age,
 Have reach'd this calm and glorious hour,
 Whom half a century's pilgrimage
 Has taught to bless love's soothing power ;—

For you, what wish could bard express
 Which Providence hath not surpass'd?
 May then your well-earn'd happiness
 Be pure and ~~clear~~ *clear* to the last.

Since it has been your lot to prove

 All that this world can give to please,

Mutual affection, filial love,

 And children's children round your knees ;—

May consciousness of *present* bliss,

 An earnest of your future be ;

And holier, happier far than *this*,

 Be heaven's eternal jubilee.

LEISTON ABBEY.

BEAUTIFUL fabric ! even in decay
 And desolation, beauty still is thine :
 As the rich sunset of an autumn day,
 When gorgeous clouds in glorious hues combine
 To render homage to its slow decline,
 Is more majestic in its parting hour :
 Even so thy mouldering, venerable shrine
 Possesses now a more subduing power,
 Than in thine earlier sway with pomp and pride thy
 dower.

To voice of praise or prayer, or solemn sound
 Of sacred music, once familiar here,
 Thy walls are echoless ; within their bound,
 Once holy deem'd, and to religion dear,
 No sound salutes the most attentive ear
 That tells thy former destiny ; unless
 It be when fitful breezes wandering near
 Wake such faint sighs, as feebly might express
 Some unseen spirit's woe for thy lost loveliness.

Or when on stormy nights the winds are high,
 And through thy roofless walls and arches sweep,
 In tones more full of thrilling harmony, [deep
 Than art could reach ; while from the neighbouring
 The roar of bursting billows seems to keep
 Accordant measure with the tempest's chime ;
 Oh, then ! at times have I, arous'd from sleep,
 Fancied that thou, even in thy proudest prime,
 No music couldst have known more awfully sublime.

But to the *eye*, revolving years still add
 Fresh charms, which make thee lovelier to the view ;
 For nature has luxuriantly clad
 Thy ruins ; as if wishing to renew
 Their claim to homage from those hearts that woo
 Her gentle influence : with indulgent hand
 She has aton'd for all that time could do,
 Though she might not his ravages withstand ;
 And now thou art her own : her skill thy beauties
 plann'd.

The mantling ivy's ever-verdant wreath
 She gave thee as her livery to wear ;
 Thy wall-flowers, waving at the gentlest breath,
 And scattering perfume on the summer air,
 Wooing the bee to come and labour there ;
 The clinging moss, whose hue of sober grey
 Makes beautiful what else were bleak and bare ;
 These she has given thee as a fit array
 For thy declining pomp, and her delightful sway.

Yet, is it not her power, or these alone
 That make thee interesting as thou art ;
 The merely beautiful, however prone
 We are to prize it, could not touch the heart.
 Mere form and colour would not thus impart,
 Unto the pensive, contemplating mind,
 Thoughts which might almost cause a tear to start
 In eyes not given to weep : there is assign'd
 To thee a stronger power in deeper feeling shrin'd.

It is a consciousness of what thou wert,
 Compar'd with what thou art ; a feeling sense
 Which even steals upon the most inert,
 Who have the least conception how, or whence
 Such mixt sensation should arise from thence ;
 But so it is, that few there are can gaze
 Upon the wrecks of old magnificence,
 Nor own the moral that their fate conveys,
 How all that man can build his own brief power betrays.

And most of all this truth arrests the heart,
 When edifices that were meant to be,
 Not mere mementos of the builder's art,
 That future ages should with wonder see ;
 But monuments of wealth and piety,
 To the MOST HIGH for ever consecrate ;
 When *these*, too, share the fate now fallen on thee,
 Who can with stoic coldness contemplate
 Their splendour thus defac'd, their pomp thus desolate ?

No catholic am I, in whom the sight
 Of glories tarnish'd, altars overthrown,
 Aught of revengeful feeling could excite :
 Pope, Cardinal, and Abbot, I disown
 Alike, as empty titles ; seldom shown
 More insignificant and profitless,
 Than where they once assum'd their haughtiest tone ;
 Yet do I feel what words cannot express,
 Viewing the faded pride of fancied holiness.

Of *fancied* holiness ! O say not so,
 Nor judge unkindly of another's creed ;
 The intent and motive God alone can know,
 And these condemn, or sanctify the deed.
 Ave-maria, crucifix and bead
 Are nothing in themselves ; but if they were
 Imagin'd helpful in the votary's need,
 Although a faith more spiritual may spare
 Such outward aids to seek, from blame it may forbear.

And thus this gorgeous edifice, if rear'd
 By piety, which sought with honest aim
 The glory of THE LORD, should be rever'd,
 Even for that cause, by those who seek the same.
 Perchance the builders err'd ; but who shall blame
 Error, nor feel that they partake it too ?
 Then judge with charity, whate'er thy name,
 Be thou a Pagan, Protestant, or Jew ;
 Nor with a scornful glance these papal reliques view.

I grant that Popery's was a galling yoke ;
 Its ritual, one that reason must disdain :
 And much I venerate their names who broke
 The fetters, and releas'd us from the chain.
 Dreadful indeed is superstition's reign,
 And priestcraft has pollution in its touch ;
 Yet, as extremes beget extremes again,
 There is a danger, or there may be such,
 That we in turn may *doubt*, as they *believ'd*, too much.

To give implicit credence to each tale
 Of monkish legends : reliques to adore ;
 To think God honour'd by the cowl or veil,
 Reckless or who, or what, the emblem wore ;
 Indeed is mockery, mummary, nothing more :
 But if cold scepticism usurp the place
 That superstition held in days of yore,
 We may not be in much more hopeful case
 Than if we still implor'd the Virgin Mary's grace.

There is a medium, could we find it out,
 (And all may find it if they seek aright,)
 Between extreme credulity and doubt ;
 A safe and middle path, not gain'd by might
 Or wisdom of our own ; a path, whose light
 " Shines more and more unto the perfect day ; "
 Not overcast by bigotry's dark night,
 Nor faintly lit by reason's twilight ray ;
 But cloudless, straight, and plain ; a high and holy way.

And those who walk therein, with humble trust
 In Him who cast it up, and led them there,
 Remembering this, that they are form'd of dust,
 The gifts they have receiv'd with meekness bear :
 Reason and faith are such ; a peerless pair,
 Would man but *use* them both with holy awe,
 And of the *abuse* of each, in turn, beware,
 Their influence would instruct him how to draw
 His life upon the line of God's unerring law.

But I have wander'd widely from my theme,
 And some perhaps may think have wander'd long ;
 Yet others more indulgently may deem,
 Nor chide the minstrel for his sober song :
 It could not well be gay, thus fram'd among
 The desolate ruins of departed days,
 And years gone by, whose presence wakes a throng
 Of pensive thoughts, compelling me to raise,
 In contemplative mood, chasten'd and solemn lays—

Congenial to the scene ; and, as is fit,
 Imprest with somewhat of its temper'd hues ;
 One, if no more, I trust will cherish it,
 When she, the past retracing, shall peruse
 This frail memorial of an humble muse :
 For she will then remember how, erewhile,
 Far from her home upon the banks of Ouse,
 She wander'd with me through this ruin'd pile,
 When autumn's setting sun shed round his softest smile.

Yes, thou, my young friend, will not soon forget,
 Nor shouldst thou, visiting this lovely scene ;
 Because upon thy brow thou bear'st as yet
 Youth's joyous chaplet of unblighted green,
 Surpassing far the poet's bay, I ween ;
 For the fresh dews which unto thine dispense
 Its living loveliness—its charm serene,
 Rise from the fount of early innocence,
 That makes in happy hearts its hidden residence.

Thou art exactly at the age, when all
 Within, each outward beauty can enhance ;
 When bliss has too much novelty to pall,
 As it does afterward in life's advance,
 Even reality may seem romance ;
 It often does, while yet delight is new ;
 And time, and place, and trivial circumstance,
 That feed the eager fancy, charm the view,
 At such an age as thine, may last existence through.

Therefore do I believe, that in thy heart
 These ruins will their own remembrance keep ;
 And, sketch'd with them on memory's faithful chart,
 Will be, the wild walk to the mighty deep,
 The lone and shady spot for washing sheep,
 Where the tall, trembling aspens ceaseless play,
 And we stood still to hear the light winds sweep
 Their rustling leaves, while, in the unseen bay,
 We heard the billows' dash : these shall not pass away !

Nor will the scene that hail'd us at the close
 Of our wild ramble, less survive to each ;
 When we exchang'd the stillness and repose
 Of the lone common, for the open beach ;
 And saw before us, far as eye could reach,
 The bursting breakers fling their foam on high,
 And felt how poor was all the power of speech
 To paint the grandeur and rude melody
 That spoke, in nature's tone, to heart, and ear, and eye.

Farewell ! I may not lengthen out a strain
 Already too protracted ; then, farewell !
 Nor shall I think that I have writ in vain,
 If they, who love such scenes, whose bosoms swell
 With those pure feelings that delight to dwell
 In yet untroubled hearts ; if such shall own
 That I have spoken what their tongues would tell,
 Returning from such haunts : that praise alone
 Shall recompense me well, and for the task atone.

9th Mo. 20th, 1819.

TO A CHILD

OF THREE YEARS OLD.

THOU art a thing made up of all
Delightful glorious elements,
Which thought, in fancy's sweetest thrall,
By her creative power invents.

For could she by her spell command
That there should stand before me now
A denizen of fairy-land,
It were not lovelier than thou !

Yet not for this alone, have I
With tender fondness gaz'd on thee ;
There is another, stronger tie
Which makes thee dearer still to me.

It is a tie I would not name,
Because by few 'twere understood ;
Yet holier, purer far, its claim,
Than consanguinity of blood.

And thus to feel, and this to know,
That I would *seek* thee, more than *shun*,
Wakes in my heart a warmer glow
Than all it ever wish'd *has* done !

To form fallacious schemes of joy ;
To wish and hope, we know not what ;
To see reality destroy
Such phantoms, is a common lot.

But, while beholding others blest,
To feel no vain regrets intrude,
Convinc'd that Heaven has order'd best,
Is cause of sober gratitude !

THE QUAKER POET:

VERSES ON SEEING MYSELF SO DESIGNATED.

"THE Quaker Poet!"—is such name
 A simple designation ;—
 Or one expressive of my shame,
 And thy vituperation ?—

If but the former—I, for one,
 Have no objection to it :
 A name, as such, can startle none
 Who rationally view it.

But if such title would convey
 Contempt, or reprobation,
 Allow me, briefly as I may,
 To state my vindication.

It is not splendour of costume
 That prompts harmonious numbers ;—
 The nightingale, of sober plume,
 Sings, while the peacock slumbers.

The shallow brooks, in spring so gay,
 In summer soonest fail us ;
 Their sparkling pride has pass'd away,
 Their sounds no more regale us.

While the more deep, but quiet streams,
 By alders overshadowed,
 Flow on, in spite of scorching beams,
 Their beauties uninvaded.

And on their peaceful verge we see
 Green grass, fresh flowers, and round them
 Hover the butterfly and bee,—
 Rejoicing to have found them.

Is it the gayest of the gay,
 The votaries of fashion,
 Who feel most sensibly the sway
 Of pure and genuine passion ?

No !—hearts there be, the world deems cold,
 As warm, as true, as tender
 As those which gayer robes enfold,
 However proud their splendour.

Of mine I speak not :—He, alone,
 Who form'd, can truly know it ;
 Nor of my verse ;—I frankly own
 Myself no lofty poet.

But I contend the Quaker creed,
 By fair interpretation,
 Has nothing in it to impede
 Poetic aspiration :

All that fair nature's charms display
 Of grandeur, or of beauty ;
 All that the human heart can sway,
 Joy, grief, desire, or duty ;—

All these are ours—The copious source
 Of true poetic feeling:—
 And wouldst thou check their blameless course,
 Our lips in silence sealing ?

Nature, to *all* her ample page
 Impartially unfolding,
 Prohibits neither saint, nor sage,
 Its beauties from beholding.

And thus the muse her gifts assigns,
 With no sectarian spirit ;
 For *ALL* the wreath of fame she twines
 Who fame and favour merit.

Through every age, in every clime,
 Her favour'd sons have flourish'd ;
 Have felt her energy sublime,
 Her pure delights have nourish'd.

From Lapland's snows, from Persia's bowers,
 Their songs are still ascending,
 Then, Quaker Poets, try your powers !
 Why should you fear offending ?

Still true to nature be your aim,
 Abhorring affectation ;
 You, with peculiar grace may claim
 Each simpler decoration.

And, with such you may blend no less,
 Spite of imputed weakness,
 The god-like strength of gentleness,
 The majesty of meekness !

The blameless pride of purity,
 Chast'ning each soft emotion ;
 And, from fanaticism free,
 The fervour of devotion !

Be such your powers :—and in the range
 Of themes which they assign you,
 Win wreaths you need not wish to change
 For aught that fame could twine you.

For never can a poet's lays
 Obtain more genuine honor,
 Than whilst his GIFT promotes the praise
 Of HIM, who is its Donor !

DRAB BONNETS.

Verses occasioned by reading in a Morning Paper, that at a Meeting convened in London, for some charitable purpose, "among other Ladies we observed a considerable number, whose Drab Bonnets bespoke them Members of the Society of Friends."

THEY may cant of costumes, and of brilliant head-dresses,

A la Grecque—a la Françoise—or what else they will ;

They may talk of tiaras, that glitter on tresses

Enwreath'd by the Graces, and braided with skill :

Yet to my partial glance, I confess the drab bonnet

Is the loveliest of any,—and most when it bears

Not only the bright gloss of neatness upon it—

But, beneath,—the expression Benevolence wears !

Then let fashion exult in her frequent vagaries,

From her fascinations my favourite is free :

Be folly's the head-gear that momentarily varies,

But a Bonnet of drab is the sweetest to me.

Though stately the ostrich-plume, gracefully throwing
 Its feathery flashes light on the eye ;
 Though tasty and trim the straw-bonnet, when glowing
 With its ribbons so glossy of various dye :—
 Yet still I must own, although none may seem duller
 Than a simple drab bonnet to many a gaze—
 It is, and it will be, the favourite colour,
 Around which my fancy delightedly plays :—
 And it well suits my muse with a garland to wreath it,
 And echo its praises with gratefullest glee,—
 For, knowing the goodness that oft lurks beneath it,
 The Bonnet of drab beats a turban with me.

Full many a gem,—as the poet has chaunted,—
 In the depths of the ocean flings round it its sheen ;—
 And many a flowret, its beauties unvaunted,
 Springs to life, sheds its perfume, and withers unseen :
 And well do I know that our sisterhood numbers,
 Array'd in the livery that coxcombs reprove,—
 Forms as fair as e'er rose on a poet's sweet slumbers,
 And faces as lovely as ever taught love.
 This I know, and have felt ;—and, thus knowing and
 feeling,
 A recreant minstrel I surely should be,
 If, my heart-felt attachment ignobly concealing,
 ' The Bonnet of drab past unhonour'd by me !

I have bask'd in the blaze of both beauty and fashion,—
 Have seen these united with gifts rich and rare,
 And crown'd with a heart that could cherish compassion,—

And by sympathy soften what sorrow must bear.
 Yet acknowledging this,—which I can do sincerely,—
 Far the highest enjoyment this bosom e'er knew,
 The glance which it treasures most fondly, most dearly,
 Beam'd from under a Bonnet of drab-colour'd hue.
 'Twas my pleasure,—my pride!—it is past, and has
 perish'd,

Like the track of a ship o'er the dark-heaving sea ;
 But its loveliness lives, its remembrance is cherish'd,
 And the Bonnet of drab is still beautiful to me !

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF A RELATIVE ABROAD.

THOU sleep'st far from the land of thy birth,
But thy Name, and thy Memory are dear ;
And, though foreign thy grave, its fresh earth,
Closing o'er thee, was wet with a tear.

The warm tear of affection !—as true,
As sincere, and as kind,—as if drawn
From fond eyes, which *here* wept for thee too,
And had watch'd thee from infancy's morn.

But, though bitter the tidings appear'd,
Which told us that thou wert no more ;
And though painful it was, ere we fear'd,
To find that suspense was all o'er :—

And though mournful it was, as we read
The last record thy love had address'd
To reflect that it came from—the dead
Now, for Thee, every care is at rest.

Thou art number'd with those who can know
 Neither sickness, nor sorrow, nor pain ;
 From whose bright eyes no tears ever flow,
 And whom death cannot conquer again.

For their God dwells among them ;—and they
 See his face, and rejoice in its light ;
 And his Presence is pledge of their day,
 For his glory has banish'd the night.

Since such the fruition—that Faith
 Suggests to thy spirit as given ;
 Can we mourn, although sudden thy death,
 And distant thy transit to Heaven ?

No ! it surely were selfish indeed,
 To regret that thy troubles are o'er ;
 Reason's law, Christianity's creed,
 Command us to sorrow no more.

But to think of thee, now, as of one
 Remov'd far from sorrow's controul ;
 Whose brief race of existence is run,
 And hath ended at Glory's last goal.

Perhaps He, whose omniscience transcends
 All wisdom to mortals made known,
 But conducted thee far from thy friends,
 To make thee more truly his own.

For it is not while here we sojourn,
 Encircled by all we love best,
That our hearts are most likely to learn
 This is not the place of our rest !

That place of *true* rest thou hast found ;
 At least so we humbly may trust,
Nor boots it, though foreign the ground
 Where thy reliques may moulder to dust,

For thy spirit, redeem'd through His love,
 Which alope can redeem,—sought its sphere ;
Joys immortal surround it above :—
 Peace be with its Memory here !

TO THE WINDS.

YE viewless Minstrels of the sky !
I marvel not, in times gone by
That ye were deified :
For, even in this later day,
To me oft' has your power, or play,
Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power ! when, by your might
You heave the wild waves, crested white,
Like mountains in your wrath ;
Ploughing between them valleys deep,
Which, to the seaman rous'd from sleep,
Yawn like Death's opening path !

Graceful your play ! when, round the bower
Where Beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower,
To wreath her dark locks there,
Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe
The leaves between, flit round that wreath,
And stir her silken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth :—

Ye come !—we know not whence !
Ye go !—can mortals trace your flight ?
All imperceptible to sight :
Though audible to sense.

The Sun,—his rise, and set we know ;
The Sea,—we mark its ebb, and flow ;
The Moon,—her wax, and wane ;
The Stars,—Man knows their courses well,
The Comets' vagrant paths can tell ;—
But You his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things !
Who mock all our imaginings,
Like Spirits in a dream ;
What epithet can words supply
Unto the Bard who takes such high
Unmanageable theme ?

But one :—to me, when Fancy stirs
My thoughts, ye seem HEAVEN'S MESSENGERS,
Who leave no path untrod ;
And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,
It seems the VOICE OF GOD.

AN ASPIRATION.

" Nor do I name of Men the common rout,
 " That wandering loose about,
 " Grow up and perish, as the summer fly,
 " Heads without name—no more remember'd."

MILTON.

O LET me not, when death shall end
 The turmoil of life's transient day,
 Thus to the silent grave descend ;—
 And unremember'd pass away !

To me that life alone has worth,
 Which, from the virtuous, and the wise,
 Wins no ignoble name on earth ;
 And gains A NEW ONE in the skies !

“ WHO THAT HAS SEEN THE SPEAKING EYE.”

Who that has seen the speaking eye,
Whose light was love,—grow dim in death,
And hung upon the deep drawn sigh
Which mark'd the last, the parting breath ;—

Who, in that awful, solemn hour,
When thought and reason seem'd to reel,—
Imagin'd love possess'd a power
Such hopeless agony to heal ?

But if affection have been pure,
Those who have truly felt its sway,
Have found its essence will endure
Even beyond that sunless day.

Dear are the joys the dead can give ;
And deathless must love's nature be ;—
Since time itself it can outlive,
And triumph in eternity.

WRITTEN ON A STORMY EVENING.

The voice of thy thunder was in the heavens; the lightnings
lightened the world.—Psalm lxxvii. ver. 18.

WHEN the beam of the sun, on a bright summer's day,
To each light-drifted cloud his own glory is granting;
I love to recline on the turf, and survey,
As the clouds sail above me, a scene so enchanting.

But the soul-speaking grandeur of seasons like this
Gives birth to a deeper, sublimer emotion;
And wakens a feeling more pure than such bliss,
Of fearful delight, and of awful devotion.

How transcendently grand in its gloom is yon cloud,
Through which the fork'd lightning is brilliantly
darting;
And when spent the first peal of the thunder-clap proud,
How majestic the echoes which speak its departing!

I know all I witness results from those laws

Which plann'd by THE INFINITE, act without error ;
 And, knowing who rules each effect, and its cause,
 This war of the elements wakens no terror.

But I cannot behold it, unmov'd at the sight ;

Nor think without awe, as the cloud's cleft asunder,
 Of HIM * who is cloth'd in a garment of light !

And whose voice in the heavens is heard in his
 thunder !

* " Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment."

Psalm civ. ver. 2.

VERSES

ON SEEING SOME PAINTINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS,
AT BREDFIELD HOUSE, THE RESIDENCE OF
JOHN FITZGERALD, ESQ.

THEY err'd not who relied for fame
On works of such magnificence ;
Whose charms, unchangeably the same,
Surprise and rapture can dispense.

Their genius, whose conceptions planu'd
What still such feelings can supply ;
Their master-touch,—who could command
Such phantoms forth ;—have long gone by!

Yet here triumphantly they live,
With power to waken smiles or tears ;
And to unconscious canvas give
What liv'd, and breath'd, in distant years.

What still shall captivate,—when we,
Who now with admiration gaze,
Like those who fashion'd them, shall be
The creatures of departed days !

Still shall that sleeping infant's face
Beauty and innocence reveal ;—
That sainted mother's matron grace
To every mother's heart appeal.

Those misty mountains still shall rise,
As now they do ; those vales expand ;
And still those torrents, trees, and skies
Tell of each master's magic hand.

Oblivion by that art is scorn'd,
Which thus survives the slow decline
Of splendid piles it once adorn'd ;—
And still seems deathless, and divine !

SEA-SIDE THOUGHTS.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious ;
Mild, majestic, foaming, free ;—
Over time itself victorious,
Image of eternity.

Epithet-exhausting Ocean !
'Twere as easy to controul
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unrol.

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee,
See thy surface ebb, and flow ;
Yet attempt not to explore thee
In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee
With the rainbow's glowing grace ;—
Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,
'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys, and her mountains,
Mortal man's behests obey ;
Thy unfathomable fountains
Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou—stupendous Ocean !
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think without emotion
What must thy Creator be ?

STANZAS.

O ! who that has an eye to see,—
A heart to feel,—a tongue to bless ;—
Can ever undelighted be
By Nature's magic loveliness ?

The bright sun's animating beams,—
The pale moon's mild and pensive ray ;
The living freshness of the streams ;
The glories of a new-born day :—

The foliage of o'ershadowing trees,
Earth's verdant mossiness beneath ;
The balmy odours of the breeze ;
The silence of the lonely heath :—

The matchless melody that swells
Upon the lonely loiterer's ear,—
From hum of bees in fox-glove bells,—
Or sky-lark's song in loftier sphere,—

To those more solemn sounds that wake
The deeper chords of harmony,
Where Ocean's restless billows make
Wild music everlastingly !

Such Nature's charms ! O why should vice
Unwisely impiously destroy them !
Even this world were Paradise,
Would Man but virtuously enjoy them !

TO MARY.

REMEMBER me, love, when thou walkest alone,
 In a still summer's evening, beside the green sea ;
 When all that thy gentle eye gazes upon
 Is peaceful, and pure, and attractive, like thee.

In the brightness of morn, when thou seekest the shore,
 To revive on thy soft cheek health's loveliest hue,
 Rejoice in the sunshine, and smile at the roar
 Of the loud bursting billows, as others may do.

Talk gaily with those who may roam with thee then,
 And share all an innocent bosom may crave,—
 Till the western horizon is glorious again,
 And soft music breaks with each murmuring wave :—

Then devote a few moments of silence to him
 Who often reverts to that calm even-tide,
 When waves rippled gently, and day-light grew dim,
 As we rov'd, arm in arm, on the green ocean's side.

CONCLUDING VERSES,

WRITTEN AFTER RETURNING FROM

AN AUTUMNAL MORNING WALK.

It is the very carnival of nature,
 The loveliest season that the year can show !
 When earth, obedient to her great Creator,
 Her richest boons delighteth to bestow.
 The gently-sighing breezes, as they blow,
 Have more than vernal softness ; and the sun
 Sheds on the landscape round a mellower glow
 Than in his summer splendour he has done,
 As if he near'd his goal, and knew the race was won.

It is the season when the green delight
 Of leafy luxury begins to fade !
 When leaves are changing daily to the sight,
 Yet seem but lovelier from each deepening shade,
 Or tint, by autumn's touch upon them laid ;
 It is the season when each streamlet's sound,
 Flowing through lonely vale, or woody glade,
 Assumes a tone more pensive, more profound ;
 And yet that hoarser voice spreads melody around.

And I have wander'd far, since the bright east
 Was glorious with the dawning light of day ;
 Seeing, as that effulgence more increas'd,
 The mists of morning slowly melt away :
 And, as I pass'd along, from every spray
 With dew-drops glistening, evermore have heard
 Some feather'd songster chaunt his roundelay ;
 Or bleat of sheep, or lowing of the herd ;
 Or rustling of fall'n leaf, when morning's breezes stirr'd.

Thus having roam'd, and reach'd my home at last,
 Can I do better, while my bosom glows
 With all the loveliness through which I've pass'd,
 Even till enjoyment wishes for repose,
 And meditation still with memory grows ;
 Can I do better, than once more to trim
 My evening fire, and these my labours close,
 Before my feelings chill, or sense wax dim,
 With solemn strain of prayer, fit for a parting hymn ?

" O God ! it is an awful thing indeed
 For one who estimates our nature well,
 Be what it may his outward sect, or creed,
 To name thee, thou Incomprehensible !
 Hadst thou not chosen of thyself to tell,
 As in thy gospel thou hast done ; nor less,
 By condescending in our hearts to dwell ;
 Could man have ever found to thee access,
 Or worshipp'd thee aright, in spiritual holiness ?

" No ! for the utmost that we could have done,
 Were to have rais'd, as Paul at Athens saw,
 Altars unto the dread and unknown One,
 Bending before, we knew not what, with awe ;
 And even now, instructed by a law
 Holier than that of Moses, what know we
 Of thee the HIGHEST ? Yet thou bidd'st us draw
 Near thee in spirit : O then pardon me
 If, in this closing strain, I crave a boon of thee.

" It shall be this: permit me not to place
 My soul's affections on the things of earth :
 But, conscious of the treasures of thy grace,
 To let them, in my inmost heart, give birth
 To gratitude proportion'd to their worth :
 Teach me to feel that all which thou hast made
 Upon this mighty globe's gigantic girth,
 Though meant with filial love to be survey'd,
 Is nothing to thyself:—the shadow of a shade.

" If thou hast given me, more than unto some,
 A feeling sense of nature's beauties fair,
 Which sometimes renders admiration dumb,
 From consciousness that words cannot declare
 The beauty thou hast scatter'd every where ;
 O grant that this may lead me still, through all
 Thy works to thee ! nor prove a treach'rous snare
 Adapted those affections to enthal,
 Which should be thine alone, and waken at thy call.

" I would not merely dream my life away
 In fancied rapture, or imagin'd joy ;
 Nor that a perfum'd flower, a dew-gemm'd spray,
 A murmuring brook, or any prouder toy,
 Should, for *its own* sake, thought or song employ ;
 So far alone as nature's charms can lead
 To thee who fram'd them all, and canst destroy,
 Or innocent enjoyment serve to feed ;
 Grant me to gaze and love, and thus thy works to read.

" But while from one extreme thy power may keep
 My erring frailty, O preserve me still
 From dulness, nor let cold indifference steep
 My senses in oblivion : if the thrill
 Of early bliss must sober, as it will,
 And should, when earthly things to heavenly yield,
 I would have feelings left time cannot chill ;
 That, while I yet can walk through grove or field,
 I may be conscious there of charms by thee reveal'd.

" And when I shall, as, soon or late, I must,
 Become infirm : in age, if I grow old ;
 Or, sooner, if my strength should fail its trust ;
 When I relinquish haunts where I have stroll'd
 At morn or eve, and can no more behold
 Thy glorious works : forbid me to repine ;
 Let memory still their loveliness unfold
 Before my mental eye, and let them shine
 With borrow'd light from thee, for they are THINE ! "

THE END.

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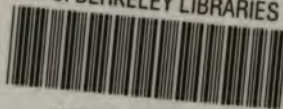
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